



Geronimo Stilton

THE CHRISTMAS TOY FACTORY

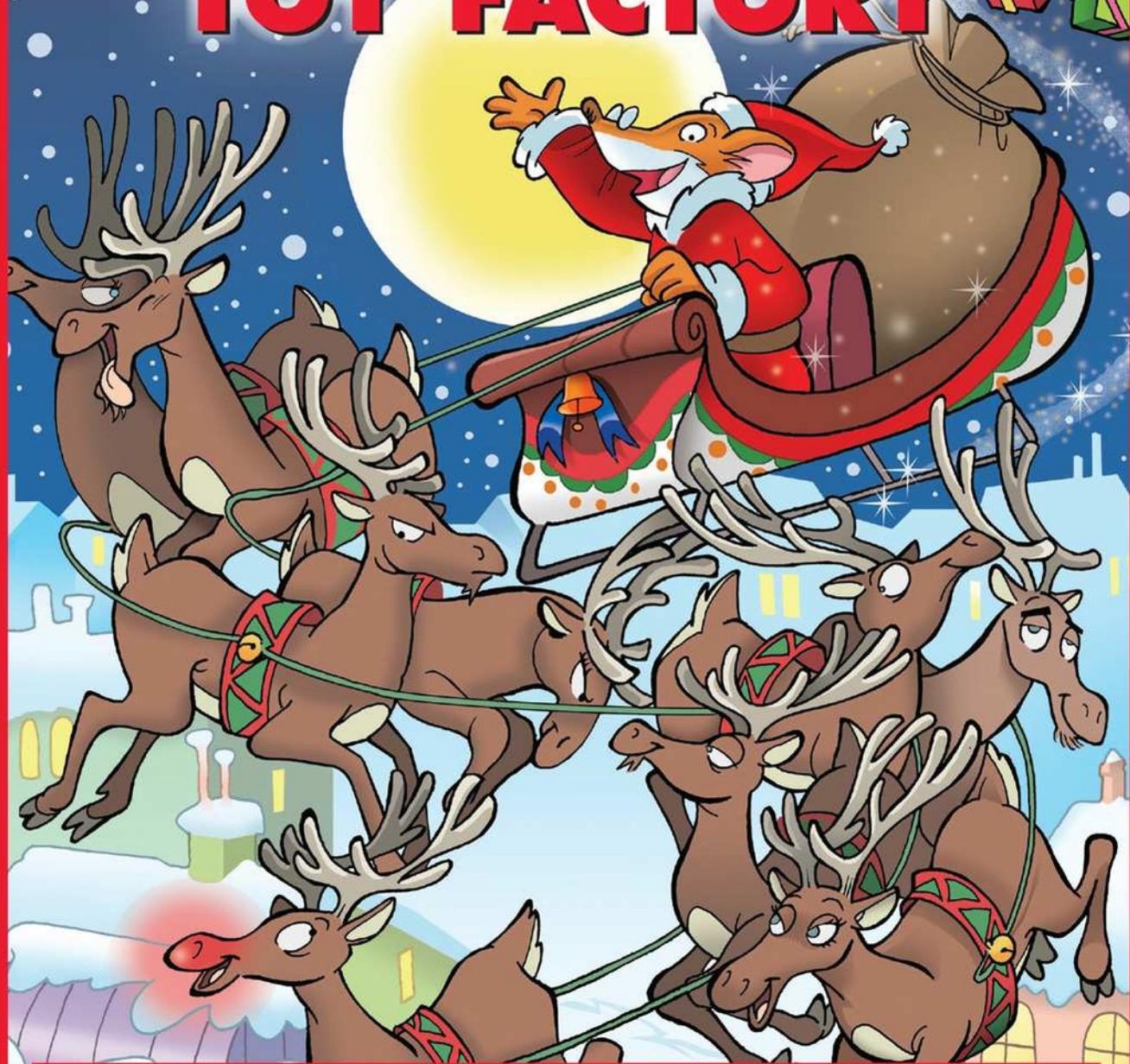


SCHOLASTIC



Geronimo Stilton

THE CHRISTMAS TOY FACTORY



SCHOLASTIC

Dear mouse friends,
Welcome to the world of



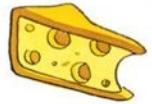
Geronimo Stilton



THE RODENT'S GAZETTE

EDITORIAL STAFF





Geronimo Stilton

A learned and brainy mouse; editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*



Thea Stilton

Geronimo's sister and special correspondent at *The Rodent's Gazette*



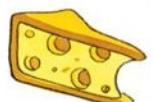
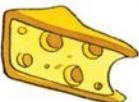
Trap Stilton

An awful joker; Geronimo's cousin and owner of the store Cheap Junk for Less



Benjamin Stilton

A sweet and loving nine-year-old mouse; Geronimo's favorite nephew



Geronimo Stilton

THE CHRISTMAS TOY FACTORY



Scholastic Inc.

New York Toronto London Auckland Sydney
Mexico City New Delhi Hong Kong Buenos Aires

All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. No part of this publication may be reproduced, transmitted, downloaded, decompiled, reverse engineered, or stored in or introduced into any information storage and retrieval system, in any form or by any means, whether electronic or mechanical, now known or hereafter invented, without the express written permission of the publisher. For information regarding permission, please contact Atlantyca S.p.A., Via Leopardi 8, 20123 Milan, Italy; e-mail foreignrights@atlantyca.it, www.atlantyca.com.

eISBN 978-0-545-39239-6

Copyright © 2006 by Edizioni Piemme S.p.A., Corso Como 15, 20154 Milan, Italy.

International Rights © Atlantyca S.p.A.

English translation © 2006 by Atlantyca S.p.A.

GERONIMO STILTON names, characters, and related indicia are copyright, trademark, and exclusive license of Atlantyca S.p.A. All rights reserved. The moral right of the author has been asserted.

Based on an original idea by Elisabetta Dami.

www.geronimostilton.com

Published by Scholastic Inc., 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.
SCHOLASTIC and associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Scholastic Inc.

Stilton is the name of a famous English cheese. It is a registered trademark of the Stilton Cheese Makers' Association. For more information, go to www.stiltoncheese.com.

Text by Geronimo Stilton

Original title *Il mistero degli elfi*

Cover by Giuseppe Ferrario

Illustrations by Danilo Barozzi, Silvia Bigolin, and Francesco Castelli, Christian Aliprandi (coloring), Archivio Piemme (maps)

Graphics by Merenguita Gingermouse, Michela Battaglin, and Yuko Egusa

Special thanks to Kathryn Cristaldi

Translated by Lidia Morson Tramontozzi

Interior design by Kay Petronio

First printing, October 2006



TWO BLOCKS OF ICE

It was a cold — I mean, freezing — I mean, teeth-chattering **December** morning. Snow covered New Mouse City, and I was trudging through it on my way to work. **Brrr! My paws felt like two blocks of ice.**

I finally got to the office and . . . Oops, silly







Have a
merry
one!

Happy holidays to all!

Good wishes ...

I'm pooped!

Wow, look at the
way it's snowing!

Merry Christmas!

Enjoy the holidays!

Thank you!

I'm
late!



me! I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I am the publisher of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famouse newspaper on Mouse Island.

As I was saying, I got to the office and sat down at my desk. But before I could start working, a **plump**, **furry** mouse burst through the door. It was my grandfather, **William Shortpaws**, also known as **CHEAP MOUSE WILLY**. **Rats!**

Don't get me wrong, I love my grandfather. But for the past month, he has been driving me up a clock!

• • • • • • • • Grandfather is the founder
• of *The Rodent's Gazette*. He
• started it a long, long time
• ago. He doesn't work here
• anymore. Lately, he's into
• golf. But he still loves to



William Shortpaws



What are you up to, Grandson?

Ahem, I'm working, Grandfather William.



stop by the office and check up on things.

Grandfather is one **TOUGH**, no-nonsense rodent. His favorite saying is: ALL WORK AND NO PLAY MAKES A MOUSE **RICH**, **RICH**, **RICH**!

Before I could even squeak, “Hello,” **Grandfather William** began thumping his paw on *my* messy desk. A stack of papers crashed to the floor. “Grandson, this desk is a disgrace! Have you been working or eating cheese bonbons? Remember, I built this company with *my* own bare paws. If you’re not careful, **I’m going to come back** and you’ll only be in charge of the water cooler!” he thundered, snapping my whiskers.

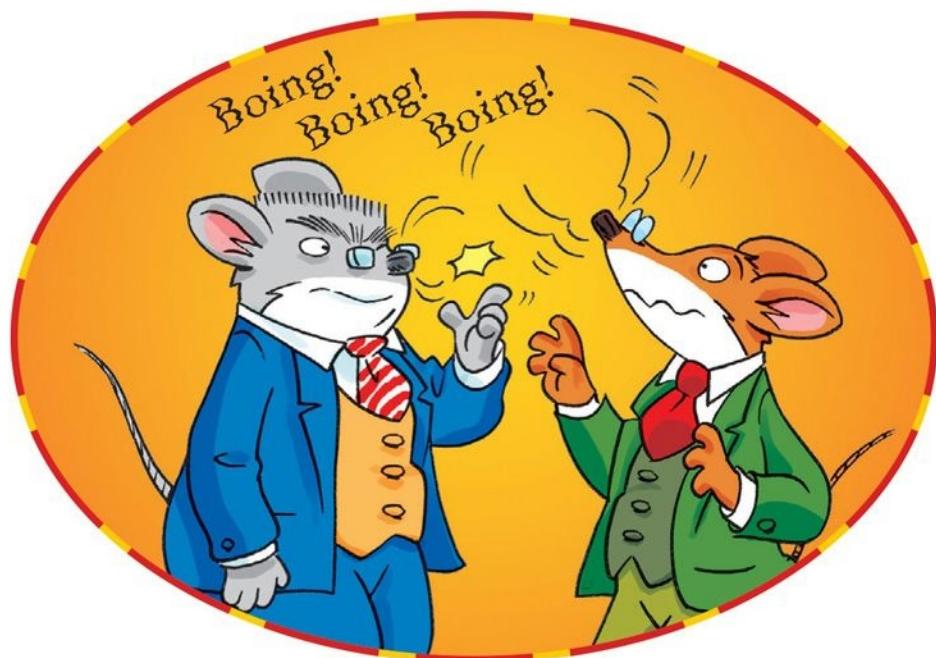
I gulped. *My* worst nightmare is my grandfather coming back to head *The Rodent’s Gazette*. And lately, I was afraid he might do just that!



“I’m doing my best,” I squeaked meekly.

Grandfather rolled his eyes. “Tell it to the paw!” He smirked, holding one paw toward me. Then he pulled my whiskers again. And stormed out.

I got right to work. What else could I do? I was worried. And besides, I don’t know a thing about water coolers.





I DREAMED I WAS SLEEPING

It **snowed** every day for a whole week. I had to put snowshoes on my paws just to get to work! I would have loved to call in sick, but I couldn't. What if Grandfather William found out? I'd be out of a job faster than you could say "egg and cheese on a cream-cheese bagel." Instead, I got up every day at the crack of dawn and **dragged myself to the office**. There I read manuscripts, signed checks, and researched stories. I was so busy

I signed **checks...**

I read **manuscripts...**

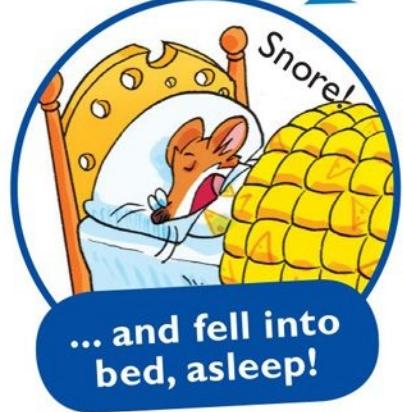
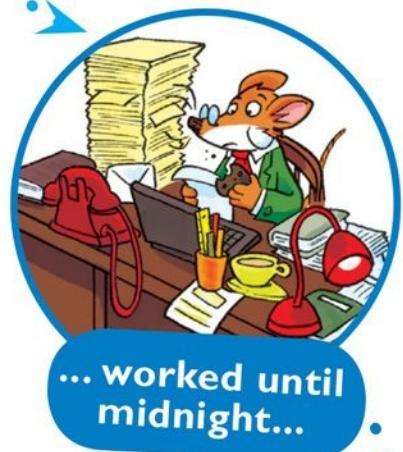
I researched **STORIES...**



I never even took a lunch break. I just **nibbled** on some stale cheddar crackers that I kept in a bowl on my desk.

Finally, at **midnight**, I'd head home. I was so tired I'd fall into my bed and start snoring before my snout even hit the pillow. I dreamed I was sleeping.

The days flew by. I was exhausted! But I had to keep **working**. I couldn't let Grandfather William take over the newspaper. I loved my job. **Too bad it was taking over my life!**



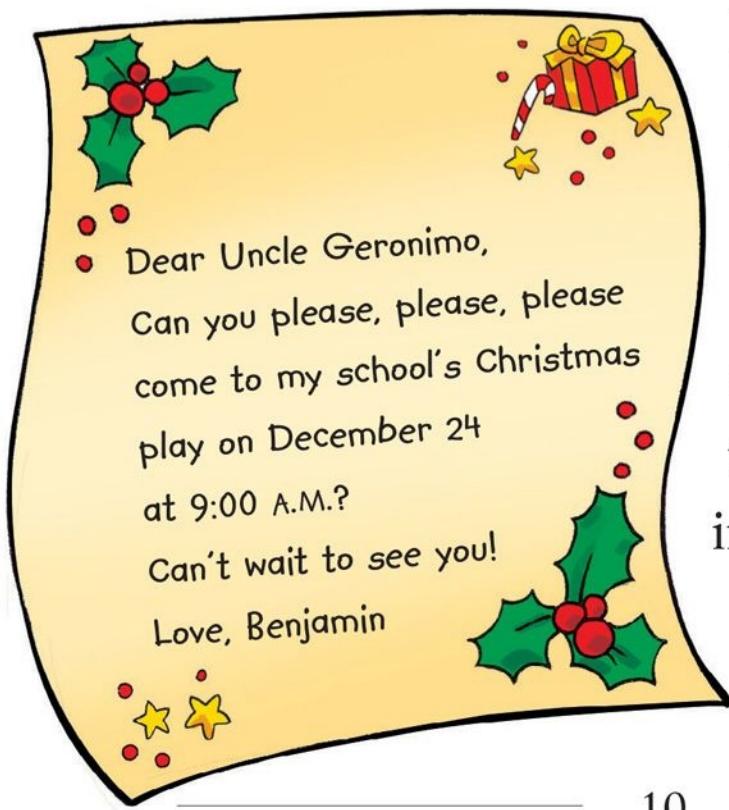


UNCLE GERONIMO, WHY DIDN'T YOU COME?

On the morning of December 24, something **AWFUL** happened. I was at my office reading some mail that had piled up on my desk. I came across a *letter* from my dear, sweet nephew Benjamin.

When I read it, I nearly jumped out of my fur. It was an invitation to his Christmas play. I twisted my tail up in a *knot*.

“December 24!” I squeaked. “Moldy



WHY DIDN'T YOU COME?

mozzarella balls, that's today!" I was so busy with **work** that I had completely forgotten.

I ran to Benjamin's school as fast as my paws could carry me. But it was no use. When I got there, the play was already over.

Principal Sharp Whiskers shook his head when he saw me. "Mr. Stilton, why are you so late? Your nephew is crushed," he **scolded**.

Just then, I noticed a little mouse sitting all alone on the stage. It was Benjamin. He looked at me sadly.



“Uncle Geronimo, why didn’t you come? **You always come to my Christmas play.**

And this year I had the best part. I was one of the fur trees,” he said.

I felt awful. How could I have let my favorite nephew down? I grabbed his paw. “Come on, I’m going to buy you an early Christmas present,” I said, smiling.

I took him to the best toy store in town, **T H E R O L L I C K I N G R O D E N T**. Have you ever been there? The place is huge! The salesmouse showed us a superscary cat mask and a squeak-controlled race car. But all Benjamin wanted was to go home. When we got there, he ran inside before I could even say good-bye.

I felt lower than a sewer rat. I hung my head and headed back to the office.

What else could I do? **I had so much work to do!**





I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR SURPRISES!

When I got back to the office, I slumped behind my desk. What a rotten day. How could I have forgotten my favorite nephew? If only I didn't have **so much work to do**. Just then, I noticed the light on my answering machine blinking. I hit the MESSAGE button. "Why aren't you at your desk, Geronimo?! Don't make me come in there!" Grandfather William's voice **bellowed** through the speaker.

I cringed. Suddenly, I heard a knock at the door. **Who could it be?** A delivery mouse wheeled in a **HUGE** package. It was decorated with a shiny bow and some tiny yellow bananas.

"i love bananas! b-a-n-a-n-a-s!"

I DON'T HAVE TIME  FOR SURPRISES!

I looked around to see who had spoken, but didn't see anyone.

Then, a sooty gray rat sprang out from the package. He was wearing a long trench coat and matching hat.

It was my friend **Hercule Poirat**, the famous detective!

He handed me a **little PACKAGE**. "Surprised, Stilton? I wanted to wish you a Merry Christmas!" he shouted.

Before I could respond, I heard a **knock** at the window.



My eyes nearly popped out of my fur. A **rodent** was hanging in front of the window ledge. He had a crew cut and big, bulging muscles. He was **DANGLING** from a bungee cord.

I opened the window with **shaking** paws. Was he some kind of spy? Was he from another planet?

“Hey, fellow camper!” the rodent yelled. “Just dropping by to say happy holidays!”

It was my friend **Burt Burlyrat**, otherwise known as B.B. We’d met at a survival boot camp deep in the jungle. Why would a scaredy-mouse like me go to boot camp? Well, that’s another story.

Now my teeth began to chatter watching B.B. sway in the wind. I felt like I was about to have a nervous breakdown. Of course, Burt didn’t seem to mind that he was dangling

forty feet in the air by a little **CORD**. Instead he just smiled at me and handed me a **GIFT-WRAPPED PACKAGE**.

I was still worrying about B.B. when the door to my office slammed open again.

“Merry Christmas to you, dear Geronimo!” a magnificent voice sang out.

A beautiful rat wearing a scrumptious



I DON'T HAVE TIME  FOR SURPRISES!

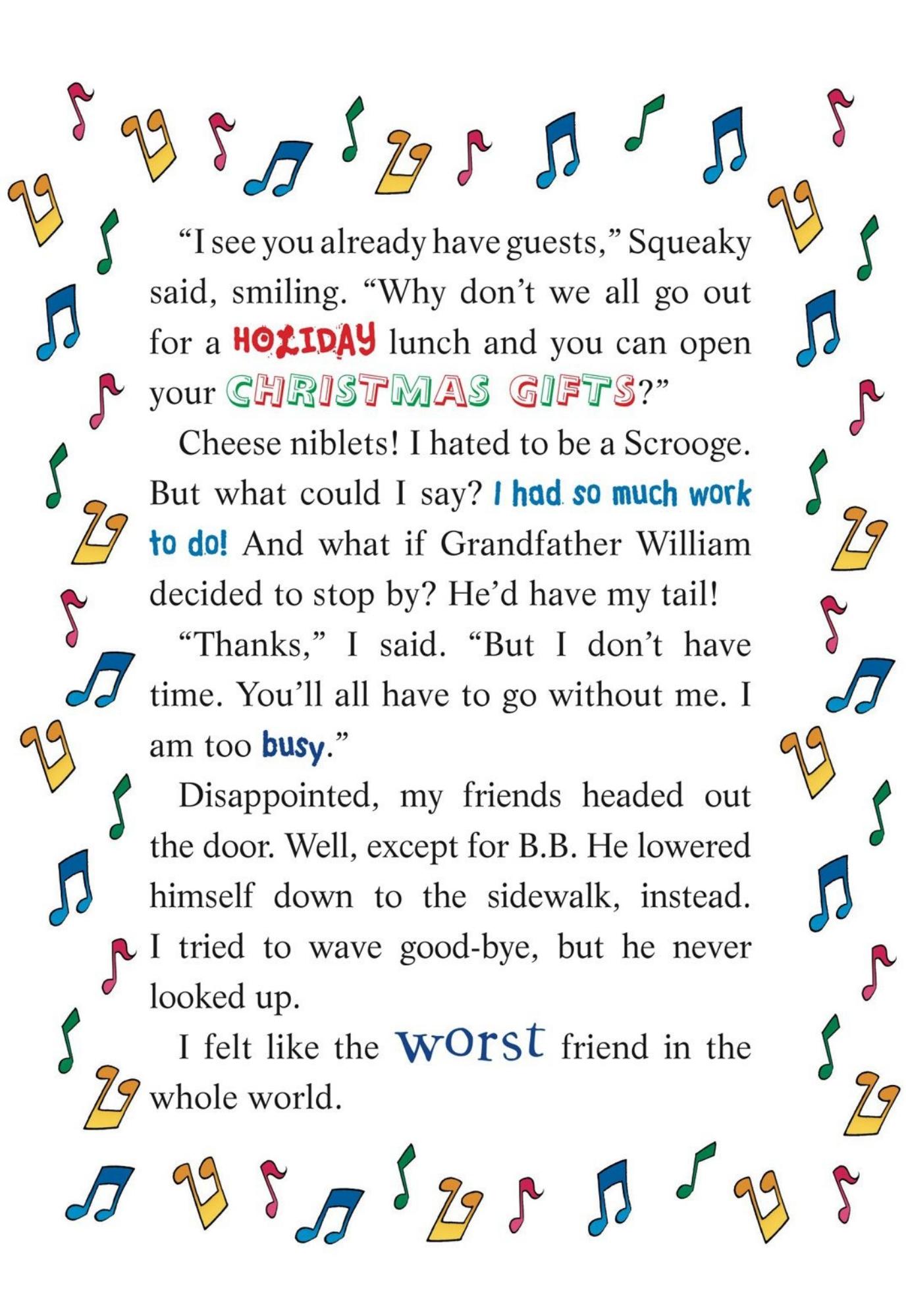


cheddar perfume stood in the doorway holding a gift. She had amber-colored fur, *twinkling eyes*, and a dazzling smile. It was my dear friend ***Squeaky Star***.



Do you know Squeaky? She is a very famous singer. Her , *Under a Cheddar Moon*, has been number one on the charts for almost a whole year. We met a while ago on top of Kilimanjaro during another one of my crazy adventures. I'll have to tell you about it sometime.





“I see you already have guests,” Squeaky said, smiling. “Why don’t we all go out for a **HOLIDAY** lunch and you can open your **CHRISTMAS GIFTS?**”

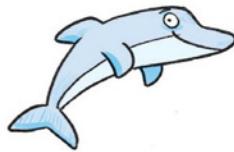
Cheese niblets! I hated to be a Scrooge. But what could I say? **I had so much work to do!** And what if Grandfather William decided to stop by? He’d have my tail!

“Thanks,” I said. “But I don’t have time. You’ll all have to go without me. I am too **busy.**”

Disappointed, my friends headed out the door. Well, except for B.B. He lowered himself down to the sidewalk, instead.

I tried to wave good-bye, but he never looked up.

I felt like the **worst** friend in the whole world.



I DON'T HAVE TIME TO TRAVEL!

The **snow** kept falling, thicker and thicker.

I had my snout buried deep in a pile of papers when my friend Petunia Pretty Paws stopped by. She is a *fascinating mouse*. I guess you could say I have had a huge  **crush** on her forever. Too bad whenever I'm around her, I turn into a babbling, blundering fool. I stammer. I stutter. Sometimes I can't even tell my left paw from my right.

Petunia hugged me. “Geronimo!” she squeaked.

“Yes, um, that’s me, Seronimo Gilton. I mean Geronimo Stilton,” I mumbled, **grinning**.

I DON'T HAVE TIME



TO TRAVEL!

Petunia **GIGGLED** and grabbed my paw. “I have the most exciting news! I’m headed off to Australia after Christmas to film a documentary about dolphins. Why don’t you come with me?” she squeaked. “Just think, right now the sun is shining in Australia.”

I stared out the window. Oh, it would be so nice to get away. Then I looked at the stack of papers on my desk.





“Ahem, thanks, but I’m really too busy to go,” I said.

Petunia put her paws on her hips. “*Yes, yes. I know you’re a very busy mouse*, but there are some things in life that are more important than work, G,” she scolded.

I chewed my whiskers. Maybe she was right.

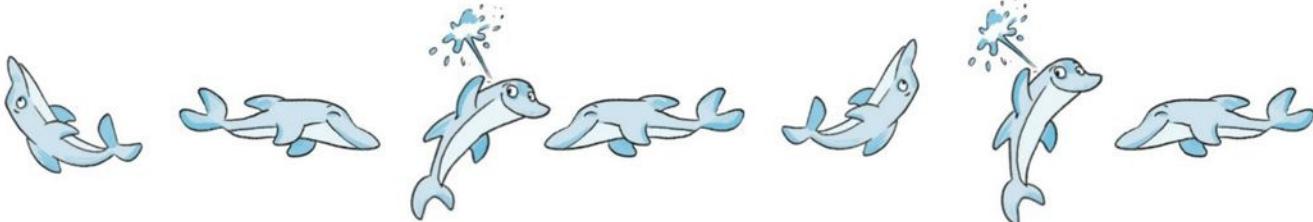


Maybe I should take a break.

I was just about to say yes to Petunia when I noticed the big, framed picture of Grandfather William on the wall.

His piercing black eyes seemed to be glaring at me. “**All work and no play makes a mouse rich, rich, rich!**” Grandfather’s voice echoed in my head. “Get working, Nephew!”

“Sorry, Petunia,” I muttered as she turned and walked out.





Hmm...
Well then, bye, G!



I DON'T HAVE TIME TO CELEBRATE!

After Petunia left, I tried concentrating on my work. I didn't even look out at the **falling snow**. I was interrupted by the sound of rodents giggling outside my door.

Suddenly, the door burst open. It was all of my coworkers.

“Merry Christmas to you, Merry Christmas to you, Merry Christmas, dear Geronimo!”
they **squeaked** at the top of their lungs.

I was feeling grumpier and grumpier. How was I supposed to get any work done?

Before I had a chance to





complain, Shorty Tao grabbed my paw. She dragged me away from my desk. “Want to help us decorate the *Christmas* tree?” she asked.

“*How about a little cheesecake?*” Ratsy suggested.

“*Or a cup of hot cheddar?*”
Patty added.

“*Or you could help me hang up the mistletoe,*” Gigi said, winking.

I was beginning to get a rat-sized headache. I didn’t have time for Christmas this year. I had too much work to do!

Right then, everyone broke into an ear-piercing chorus of “Jingle Bells.” Now even my fur had a pounding headache.

Finally, I couldn’t take it anymore.







I DON'T HAVE TIME



TO CELEBRATE!

“Enooooough!” I shrieked.

A deep silence **fell** over the room. Everyone stared at me, stunned.

“Ahem, I just want everyone to um, go back to work,” I muttered.

Puzzled, Mouseanna waved a photo under my nose. It was a picture of the **CHRISTMAS PARTY** we had last year.

“But, last year, you said you wished we could have a Christmas party every *day*!” she squeaked.





I coughed and thought of Grandfather William. “Yes, well, I changed my mind,” I mumbled as I slunk back to my office.

I felt awful. But I had a ton of work to do.

I sat at my desk and started to read a manuscript. Outside, it was quiet. In fact, the whole place was quieter than **THE WHISPERING WHISKERS CEMETERY**. A horrible thought occurred to me: What if my coworkers were so mad that they were waiting behind my office door? When I opened it, they’d throw moldy mozzarella balls at me!



I peeked out of the door. Everyone was seated at their desks, working silently.

I felt much better. Well, not that much better. Everyone did look kind of **sad**. But at least I wasn’t going to get hit with **ROTTEN CHEESE**.



I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR CHRISTMAS!

It was getting later and later and snowier and snowier.

I was still up to my snout in **work!**

Just then, my cousin Trap called.

“Hey, Gerry Berry, what are you still doing in the office? Get your tail out here! We’re all waiting for you at the family’s Christmas Eve dinner!” he yelled.



I shook my head. For some reason, I couldn’t think of anything but **work, work, work.**

**“I don’t have time for dinners.
I don’t have time for Christmas.**

“I’m just too busy,” I muttered, thinking of Grandfather William taking over the paper.



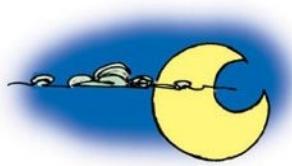
My sister, Thea, grabbed the phone. “Geronimo, don’t give me any of your lame excuses!” she ordered.



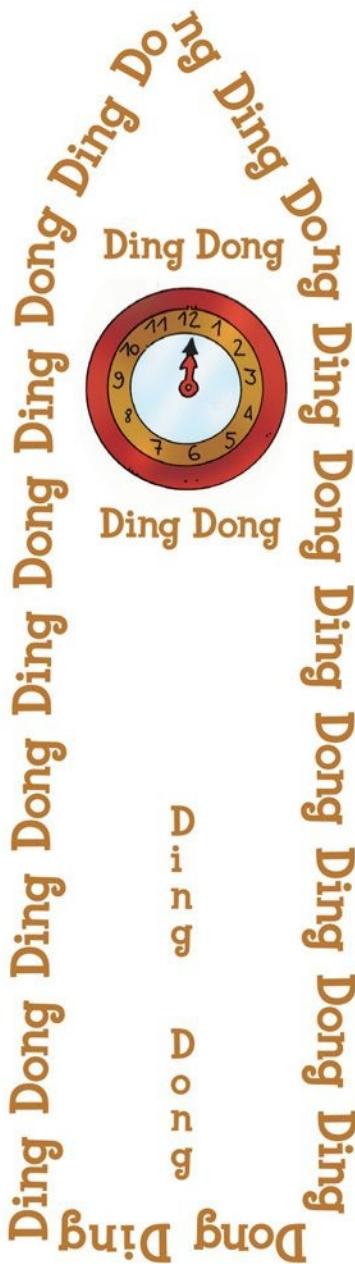
Aunt Sweetfur got on the phone next. “My dear nephew, Christmas won’t be the same without **YOU!**” she said, sighing.

But I had already made up my mind. I had to finish my work, no matter what!





DING, DONG



The snowy night went on.
I worked and worked and
worked until I heard the town's
clock strike midnight.

Ding Dong Ding Dong Ding Dong
Ding Dong Ding Dong Ding Dong

I was tired. So very tired. I
wanted to go home and snuggle
up in my bed. But it was like
there was a little workaholic
mouse inside my head. **I knew
if I stopped I would never finish
anything!**

DING, —  DONG

Hours later, I finally finished. Now the only thing left for me to do was to write a story on the *real spirit of Christmas* to be published in the newspaper the next day.

To get some inspiration, I leafed through a book titled *The Story of Santa Claus!* But I was so tired that I fell asleep with my snout right in the middle of the book. *Snore, snore, snore . . .*



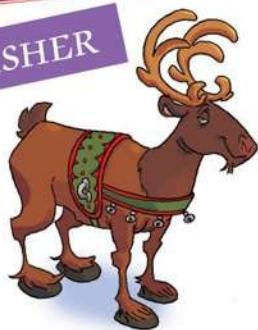
The Story of Santa Claus!



According to ancient legend, Santa Claus lives in Rovaniemi, Finland. His house, however, is located in a secret and very isolated place called Korvatunturi. In Finnish, Korvatunturi means "Ear Mountain" because it's shaped like two big bunny ears. It's from there that Santa can hear everything that all the children in the world say. That's how he decides which children deserve his gifts!

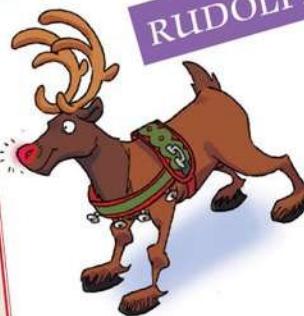
The elves are Santa's helpers. They make the gifts that he distributes from his famous sled, pulled by his nine faithful reindeer. Here they are! Each reindeer has its own name and personality.

DASHER



Captain of the
reindeer team

RUDOLPH



The red-nosed
reindeer

DONDER



Believes she should be
captain of the reindeer
team

COMET



Once flew so high, he
almost collided with a
comet!

BLITZEN



His antlers always
point north!

DANCER



Is Prancer's twin
sister

PRANCER



Like her twin, loves to
dance

VIXEN



Is the most graceful
and acrobatic of all
the reindeer

CUPID



Has been married to
Vixen for more than
two hundred years



KNOCK! KNOCK!

I don't know how long I had been sleeping, but I *woke up* mid-snore. There was somebody knocking at my window. **KNOCK, KNOCK!** A weird little face was squashed against the windowpane.



KNOCK!



KNOCK!

“**Moldy mozzarella!**” I squeaked. I was so frightened all of my fur stood at attention.

A shrill little voice yelled back, “Hey there, open up. I’ve got something to tell you!”

My teeth began chattering so hard I probably had permanent tooth damage. I’d **NEVER** be able to eat hard cheese again. No more supersharp cheddar. No more Swiss.

I was still thinking about hard cheeses when a chubby elf with a tiny beard tumbled in through the fireplace. **Moldy mozzarella!** That’s what I get for not opening the window, I guess.

“Are you the **magazine mouse**?” he asked, looking me up and down **SUSPICIOUSLY**.

I blinked. “Well, actually, I run a newspaper,” I said. “My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*.”

“Yeah, yeah, same thing,” the elf muttered.

Moldy mozzarella!



KNOCK!



KNOCK!

He told me his name was **Ding-Dong**. Santa Claus had sent him to find me. “He wants **you** to come and visit,” the elf explained.

I was shocked. Why would **Santa Claus** want to see me? Ding-Dong didn’t know, either.

But how could I say no to Santa?



I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE!

The next thing I knew, I was sitting in the back of a sleigh pulled by nine prancing reindeer.

“Hit it, guys!” Ding-Dong shouted. Instantly, the reindeer took off *into the sky!*

Up, up, up we flew. Clouds *swirled* around us. I held on for dear life. Did I mention I’m **AFRAID** of flying?



Meanwhile, Ding-Dong was humming happily beside me. “Hey, **Magazine Mouse**, isn’t this sled awesome?” he shrieked, zipping through the sky. Then, before I could squeak, “**NO! STOP! I’M TOO YOUNG TO DIE!**” he started showing me all of the flying tricks





he could do. The sled dipped and soared up and down through the sky.

My stomach dropped. My fur turned the color of moldy cheese.

“D-d-d-ing-D-d-d-ong!” I stammered. “I think I’m g-g-g-oing to b-b-be sick!”

The **elf** didn’t answer. He was too busy guiding the reindeer to do somersaults in the sky. “Yahoo!” he yelled, picking up **SPEED**. What was that old saying? “Never talk to a strange elf”? Especially an elf with a name like Ding-Dong.

I was still scolding myself when I noticed the air had suddenly grown colder. It was downright **whisker-freezing!**

I opened my eyes. What a magical sight. Snow and **ICICLE**-covered trees glistened like jewels in the moonlight.

We had reached the North Pole.





1

2

3

4

6

8

5

7



1. SANTA'S WORKSHOP	8. SLED LANDING STRIP
2. ORDER DEPARTMENT	9. SANTA'S HOUSE
3. CREATIVE LAB	10. ELVES' VILLAGE
4. SANTA'S OFFICE	11. GIFT-PACKAGING CENTER
5. SLED-LOADING DOCK	12. GIFT WAREHOUSE
6. REINDEER BARN	13. POST OFFICE
7. SLED PARKING SPOT	14. COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT



OF COURSE I'M SANTA CLAUS!

Seconds later, Ding-Dong pulled the sled to a screeching halt in front of a log cabin.

“This is it, **Magazine Mouse**. This is where Santa lives,” the elf said. He walked up to the door and **rang the bell**. “It’s me, Ding-Dong!” he announced. “I’ve brought the **magazine mouse**!”

I coughed. “Well, ahem, actually, sir, I run a newspaper. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*,” I corrected him.

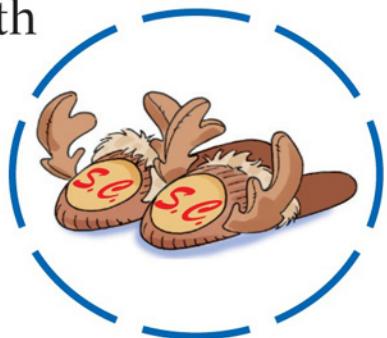
A **booming** voice rang out from inside. “Of course. Come on





in, dear Geronimo, I've been waiting for you!" it said.

I entered hesitantly. A man with a big **ROUND** belly and a **FLUFFY** white beard sat in a comfy armchair. He wore a long, **fuzzy** red robe and slippers with the initials **S.C.**



"Would you be, I mean, that is, are you him? Are you Santa Claus?" I asked, surprised.

When he laughed, his belly shook like a bowlful of jelly. "**Ho, ho, ho!** Of course I'm Santa Claus!" he said in a deep, booming voice. "Who did you think I was? The Easter Bunny?"





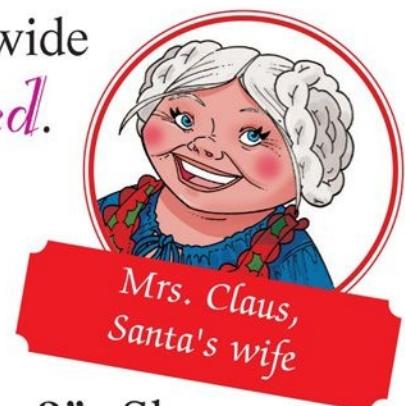
A BIT OF A PICKLE

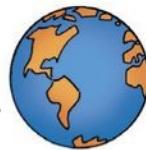
Just then, a woman's voice called out sternly, "OK, that's enough now! Go back to sleep, or you'll never **GET WELL!**"

A minute later, a chubby woman with white hair and sky-blue eyes marched into the room. Can you guess who she was? Yep — **Mrs. Claus**, Santa's wife.

When she saw me, she stopped and stared. I smiled. "Mrs. Claus, my name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*," I said.

Suddenly, she broke into a wide grin. "Oh, Geronimo." She *beamed*. "We've been waiting for you. Please sit down. Can I get you anything? **HOT CHOCOLATE?** Cookies? A cheddar-cheese log?" She





disappeared into the kitchen.

I turned my attention to Santa. “But, Santa, why? Why did you bring me here?” I squeaked.

Santa sighed. “Well, Geronimo, I seem to be in a little bit of a **pickle**. I won’t be able to deliver the Christmas toys this year,” he said.

I gasped. What? That was impossible! I looked closely at **Santa**. Were his legs broken? Was he having a bad hair day? That’s when I noticed his face. It was covered with **tiny red spots!**
“**YIKES!**” I cried.

Santa nodded. “I see you’ve noticed my little problem,” he said. “Yes, Geronimo, I’ve come down with the **MEASLES** right on my busiest night of the year!”





This was awful. Santa and the elves had worked all year making toys for children. And now they wouldn't be able to deliver them.



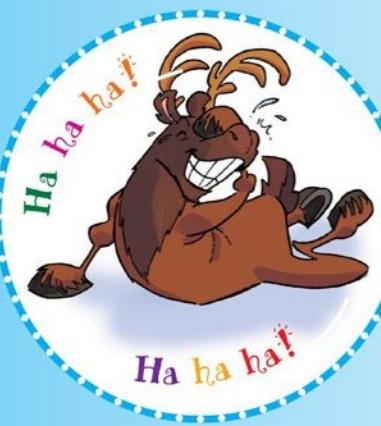
A **tear** fell from Santa's eye and landed in his fluffy white beard. "This is why I need your help, Geronimo. I cannot break my **PROMISE** to the children. Will you deliver the **TOYS**?" he asked.

Me? Deliver toys? I had trouble scampering and chewing gum at the same time.

"Why me, Santa?" I squeaked.

He smiled. "Because I have read every one of your books, dear Geronimo, and you have been on so many crazy adventures, this one will be a piece of **cake**!" he explained.

I was a **nervous** wreck. How could I, a newspaper mouse, take over Santa's job? It



was such an enormous responsibility.

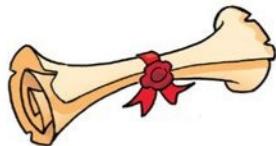
“But what if I mess up? What if the reindeer make fun of me?” I squeaked.

Mrs. Claus put her arm around me. “Of course you can do it, Geronimo. You just have to believe in yourself,” she said.

For some reason, that made me feel a little better. Maybe delivering the toys wouldn’t be so hard after all. “I’ll do it!” I **decided**.

Santa and Mrs. Claus beamed. Then Santa wrote something on a piece of paper. He rolled it up, and handed it to me. Then he closed his **EYES** and went right to **sleep**.

“**ZZZZZZ** . . . Finally I can . . . **ZZZZZZ** . . . rest . . . **ZZZZZ**!” he snored.



WHAT AM I? CHOPPED LIVER?!

On my way out, **Ding-Dong** came running up to me. “So, **Mousey**, what did Santa tell you?” he asked.

I sighed. “Santa has the **MEASLES**. He asked me to help him distribute all the **TOYS** to children around the world,” I said.

The elf turned **blue**, then **purple**, then **green** with envy. “WHAT?!” he shrieked. “He asked **YOU**, a **MOUSE**, to help him? I don’t believe it!”

To prove my point, I **unrolled** the paper.



It said:

I, Santa Claus, do hereby
ask Mr. Geronimo Stilton
to manage the workshop
while I am ill and to deliver
the Christmas toys to
children around the world.

Santa Claus

When Ding-Dong finished reading, he looked like he was about to explode. “This is so unfair! Why did he ask **you** to help him? What am I? Chopped liver?!” he fumed. “This is all because I got a few speeding tickets. What’s the big deal?”

I decided not to mention that doing somersaults with the sleigh probably didn’t help, either. I felt sort of sorry for the little elf.

“Well, I guess you need to know how to get to **Santa’s workshop**,” he grumbled.

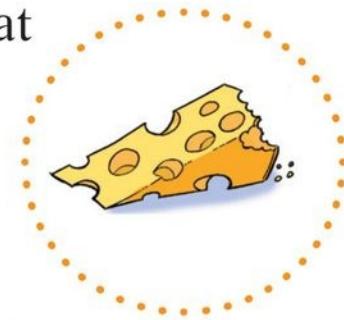


“Follow me. I’ll probably have to tell you how **EVERYTHING** works, too.”

I nodded. “Ahem, well yes, thank you. To be honest, I don’t know anything about making **TOYS** at all,” I confessed.

Ding-Dong rolled his eyes. “I kind of guessed it. Imagine a **magazine mouse** running Santa’s toy factory! What do you know about toys? All you know about is your silly little **magazine**!” he complained.

I wanted to point out that *The Rodent’s Gazette* was a newspaper, but I figured that now wasn’t the time. Ding-Dong was already in a jealous rage. There was no telling what he might do next! Throw a fit. Throw a **TANTRUM**. Throw a large, skull-crushing stone. Instead, I followed him quietly into a huge log **WAREHOUSE**.



WHAT AM I?  CHOPPED LIVER?!

That is, I tried to follow him, but he slammed the door in my snout. “**Youch!**” I screamed.

He snickered. “Oops, sorry, **Mousey**.”

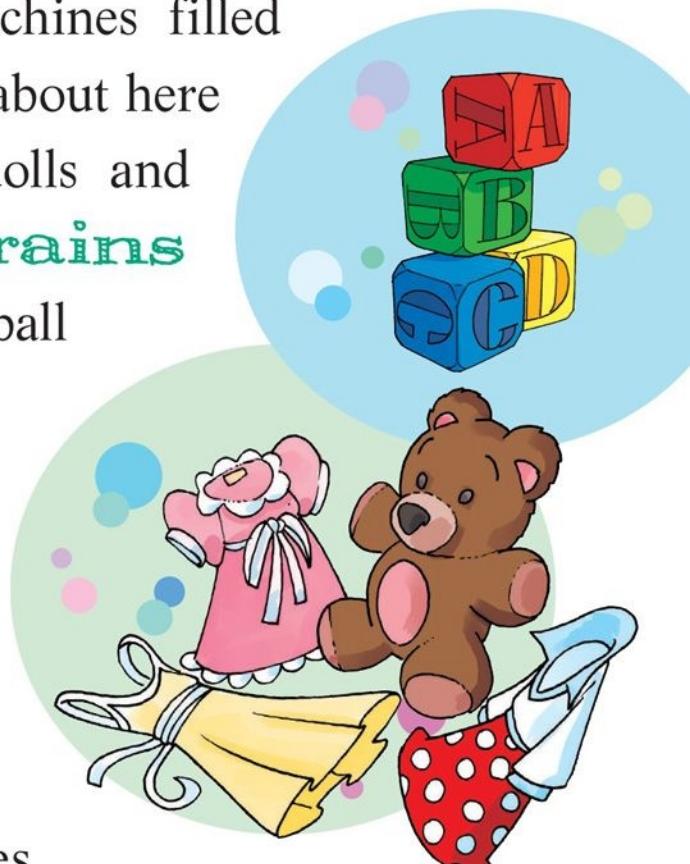
I practiced my deep yoga breathing. *Stay calm*, I told myself. No use getting worked up over a **JEALOUS ELF**. Still, I had to admit, Ding-Dong was really starting to get under my fur.





INSIDE SANTA'S WORKSHOP

Massaging my snout, I stumbled into Santa's **WORKSHOP**. What an amazing place! The sound of whirring and **buzzing** machines filled the air. Elves bustled about here and there, making dolls and baby blocks, **toy trains** and **tracks**, baseball bats and balls, and soft, **CUDDLY TEDDY BEARS**. Some tapped away at computer keyboards, programming the latest **VIDEO** games.

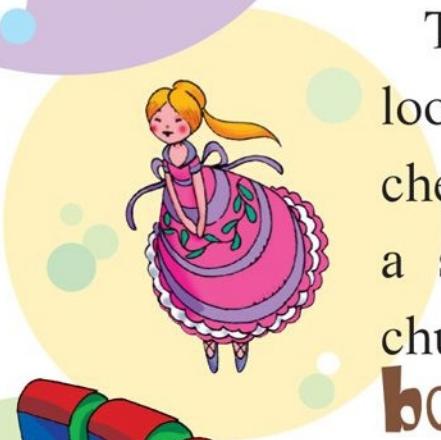








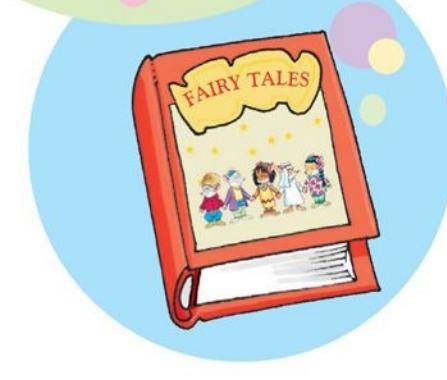
Others were busy painting **smiling** faces on dolls in all different sizes, shapes, and **colors**.



There were so many things to look at I didn't know what to check out first. Then I noticed a small printing press. It was churning out a stack of children's **books**. How perfect! I mean, what better **gift** is there than a book?



Just then, an elf working the printing press noticed me. "Hey, everybody, it's Geronimo Stilton! He's come to help Santa!" he shouted.



"Three **CHEERS** for Geronimo Stilton!" another elf added. The

room erupted in cheers.

I felt so welcomed. I felt so honored. I felt so much pain. I looked down.

Ding-Dong had just dropped a **HEAVY** wooden box right on my paw. I let out a yelp. **“Cheese niblets!”**

“Oops, so sorry, **Mousey**.” Ding-Dong smirked.

Stay calm, I told myself as I gnashed my teeth.





STOP THE CLOCK

The elves helped me load all of the gifts onto the sleigh. Then one of them handed me a **looong** list of names and addresses. I was just glancing over them when Ding-Dong backed the sled up, right over my tail.

“**Yikes!**” I cried.

The elf giggled under his breath. “Oops, so sorry, **Mousiey**,” he murmured.



Stay calm, I told myself as I twisted my throbbing tail up in knots.

The sled was packed. The reindeer were in place. Everything was ready. There was just one thing I had to ask before I left.

“How am I ever going to deliver all of these gifts in just *one* **NIGHT**? There are millions of kids all over the world!” I cried, worried. I pictured the headlines the day after Christmas: SANTA IS A NO-SHOW IN GREECE! NO TOYS FOR TOTS IN NORTH AMERICA!

But Mrs. Claus just smiled. “Don’t worry, Geronimo,” she said. “Tonight is a **magical** night. Time will stop only for you. That way, you will be able to give out all of the **gifts**.”

Cheesecake! I was impressed. If I could make time stop, I’d get all of my work done on time. I’d make it to Benjamin’s play.

Maybe I'd even be the first mouse in line at Cheesy Doughnuts on Sunday mornings.

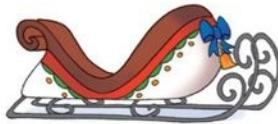
I was still thinking about cheesy doughnuts as I waved good-bye to Santa and Mrs. Claus.

“Have a nice trip, Geronimo!” the elves called. Well, except for Ding-Dong. I’m pretty sure he stuck his **tongue** out at me.

Two minutes later, we took off into the sky. The reindeer **SOARED** through the clouds. A sense of peace and calm fell over me. The reindeer knew exactly where to go. We stopped in every city, large and small. We stopped on islands and in tiny villages. It was an amazing ride! As I dropped off the gifts in each place, I pictured the faces of the **happy** children opening them the next day.

Christmas truly was a **MAGICAL** holiday!

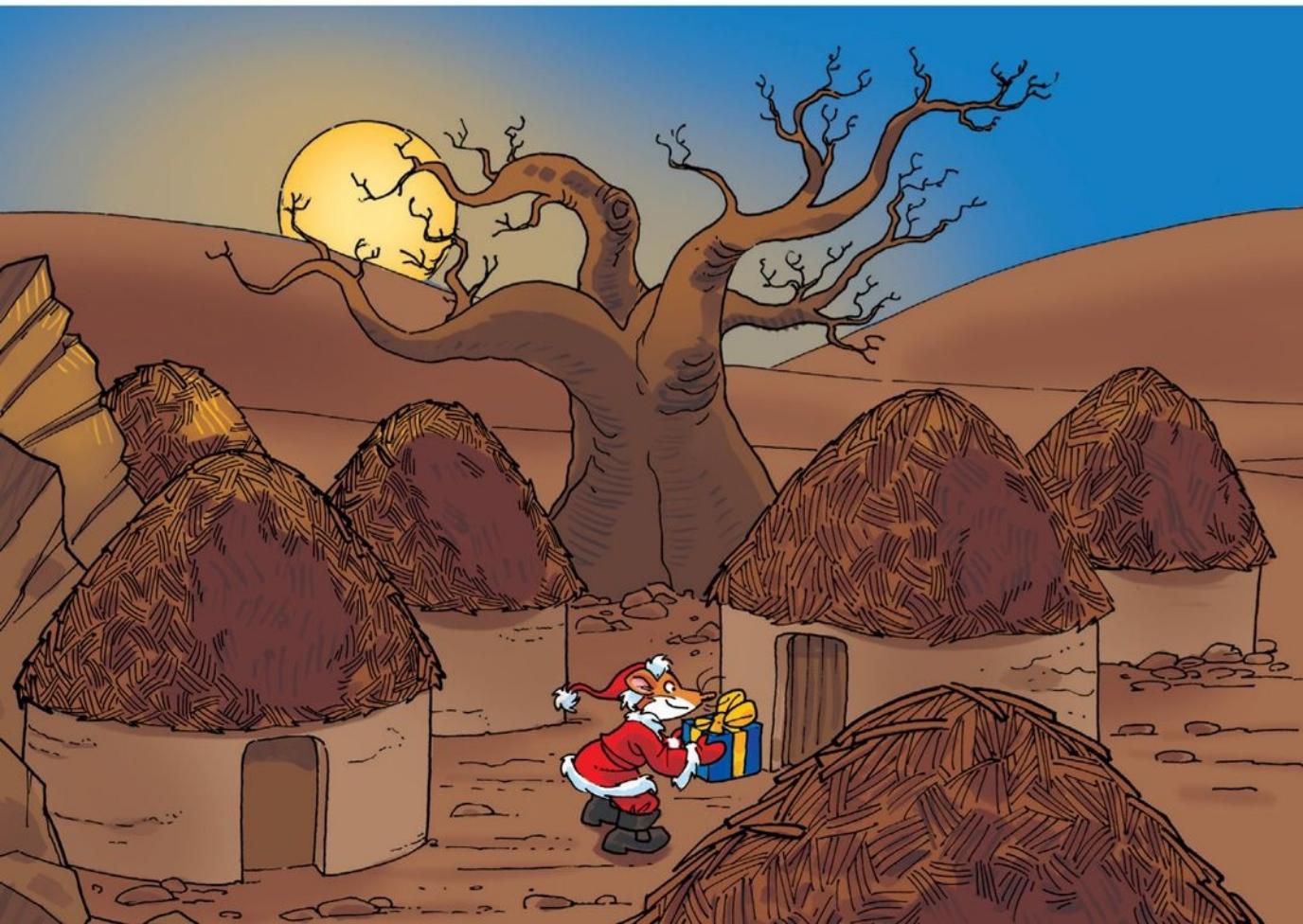


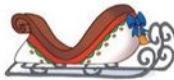


NOT JUST ANY OLD ELF



Finally, I delivered the **LAST** gift. It was for a little girl named Zoe in a small village in Africa. I wished I could stay and learn more about the people who lived there. But I had to





get the sled back to the North Pole. And besides, how would I explain why a mouse was dressed up in a Santa suit?

The reindeer headed back to **Santa's Workshop**. I was glad. My tummy had been rumbling for a while now. I couldn't wait for one of Mrs. Claus's delicious cheddar logs.

As we drew closer to the toy factory, I noticed an elf in the middle of the snow. And not just any old elf. It was Ding-Dong. He was sitting **all alone** by a **FROZEN** lake, staring into the night.

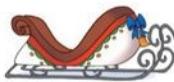
“Hey, Ding-Dong!” I called. “Hop in. I’ll give you a ride back to the village.”

The **ELF** looked up at me and rolled his eyes. “Well, if it isn’t **Mr. Big Shot Magazine Mouse**,” he snorted. “Don’t you have more presents to deliver?” He stormed out onto the frozen lake and started



Heeeeeelp!

Hang on!



twirling around. “Look at me!” he yelled. “I’m Santa Mouse. Squeak! Squeak!”

Suddenly, there was loud **CRACK!** I stared in horror as the ice split open.

“Watch out!” I squeaked. It was too late. Within seconds, Ding-Dong had vanished beneath the **icy** waters of the frozen lake.

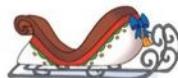
Without thinking, I scampered out after him. My paws made the **ice** creak **NOISILY** beneath me. I was a nervous wreck. What if I couldn’t save Ding-Dong?

I lay down on the ice and slid toward the elf. I could just make out his tiny hand waving desperately in the air.

“**Help!**” he cried in a shaky voice.

Quickly, I took off my belt and threw it toward him. “**Grab** the other end!”

Ding-Dong grabbed the belt. Very slowly, I managed to pull him out of the **freezing**



water. I wrapped him up in my **warm** **red** jacket. Then I brought him back to the village.

Santa and Mrs. Claus were shocked to see what had happened to Ding-Dong. Mrs. Claus made him lie on the sofa. She gave him a cup of warm milk with lots of **honey**.

After he warmed up, Ding-Dong threw me a **shy** smile. “Guess you’re not such a bad **mouse** after all, **Geronimo**,” he said. Then he jumped up and shook my paw.

I grinned. Ding-Dong wasn’t big on words. But I knew he was grateful that I had saved his life.

Friends!





CHEEDDAR LOGS FOR EVERYONE

I was feeling warm and **happy**. What a night! I sat by the fire with **Santa** and **Mrs. Claus**, chatting away, munching on treats, and drinking cups of **HOT CHOCOLATE**. Mrs. Claus's cheddar logs really are out of this world!

"How can I ever thank you for all that you have done, Geronimo?" Santa asked.

I shook my head. "Mmmfl, mmmmfll," I mumbled, my mouth full of cheese.

"**Ho!** **Ho!** **Ho!**" He chuckled. "I thought you might not ask for anything in return. You're a real *gentlemouse*, Geronimo Stilton." He laughed. "But I want to give you a **gift** anyway."



I wondered what Santa would give me. A new suit? A tie? A box of **chocolate** Cheesy Chews? My mouth began to water just thinking about it.

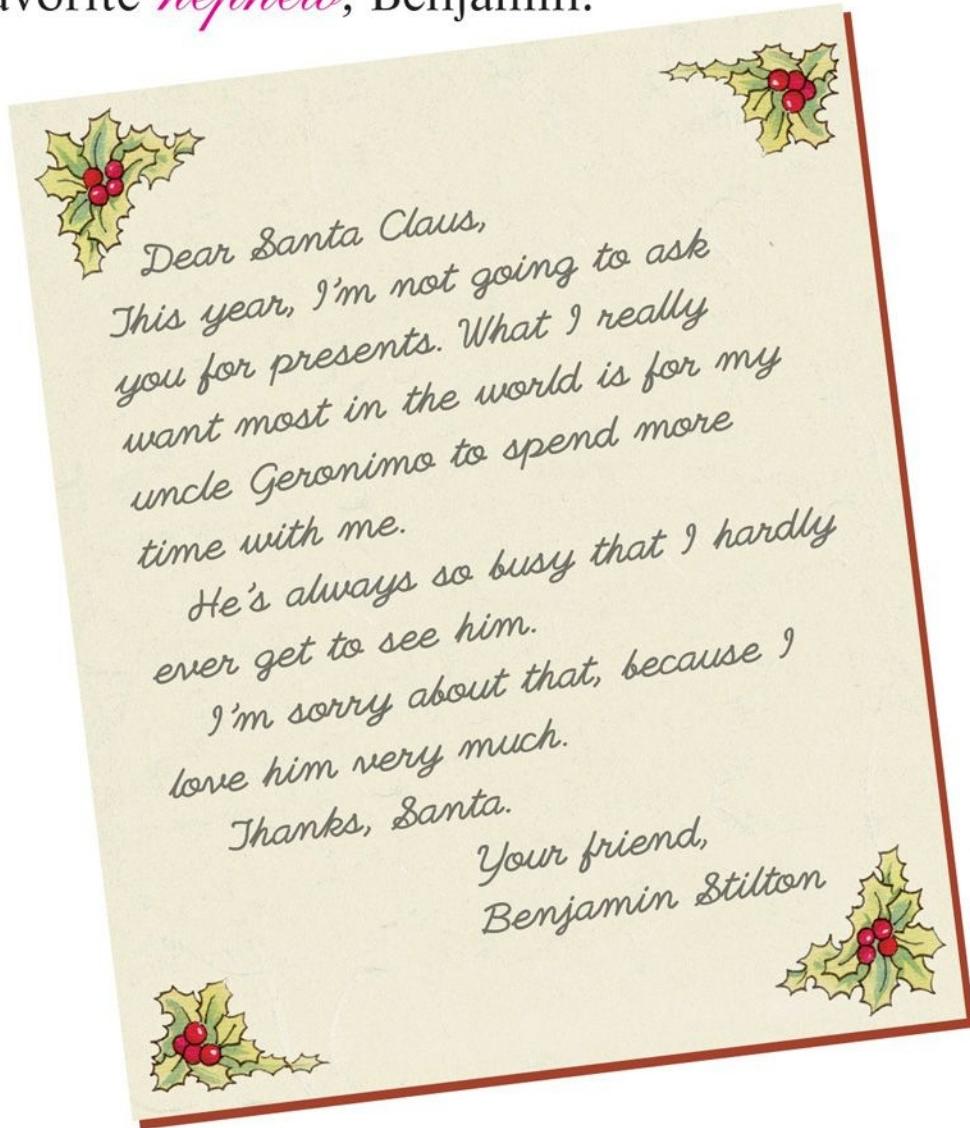
But instead of a wrapped gift, Santa pulled out a stack of letters. He explained that the letters were from **children** all over the world. “Every year, I get letters from children asking for dolls and teddy bears, race cars and bicycles. But once in a while, I get a letter from a child asking for something I cannot





make," he said. "It makes me very *sad*. But this year, I think you can help me with *one* of those letters, Geronimo."

He flipped through the envelopes and handed me a tiny sheet of paper. I couldn't believe my eyes. It was a letter from my favorite *nephew*, Benjamin:





My heart dropped. “But I love my nephew with all my heart!” I protested. “**I always make time for him.**”

Just then, Santa pulled out a tiny black book. “According to my notes, Geronimo, the last time you played with your nephew Benjamin was exactly **ONE** month and **TWELVE** days ago,” he said quietly.

Yikes! How **EMBARRASSING**. How **MORTIFYING**. How true! My fur turned beet-red. I hadn’t been spending much time at all with Benjamin lately. I was so busy with **WORK** I had forgotten him.

“The *real spirit of Christmas* isn’t just about spending money on gifts, dear Geronimo,” Santa said. “*It’s about spending time with the ones we love.*”

I nodded. Santa was right. Even though it made me sad, I was glad he had shown



me Benjamin's letter. I would never want to hurt my nephew. I couldn't wait to get back to Mouse Island to see him. But first, I decided to take a quick snooze. After all, traveling around the world in one night can really take a lot out of a mouse.





THE MOST IMPORTANT THING

I was happily snoring away when a loud knock woke me up. Was it **SANTA**?

I blinked and looked around. What was happening? I was sitting behind my desk at *The Rodent's Gazette*. **SUN** streamed through the window. It was morning. How very strange. Had I been sleeping? Was my



adventure with Santa all just a **dream**?

I was still trying to make sense of everything when I heard another loud knock at my door. Two seconds later, Grandfather William burst into the office.

Cheese niblets, here it comes, I thought. Grandfather's going to pull out my whiskers now that he's caught me sleeping on the job. But instead of squeaking about my sleeping on the job, Grandfather William began squeaking about something else.

“Grandson! **What are you still doing in the office?**” he thundered. “We waited for you all last night. It’s Christmas! You need



to be with the rodents you **love!**”

I was so confused. “But, Grandfather, you kept telling me that I needed to **WORK, WORK, WORK**. You said you would take over my job if I didn’t,” I stammered.

Grandfather William chuckled. “Oh, Grandson, you’re so **gullible!** Don’t you know a joke when you hear one?” he squeaked. “Work is important. But your **family** is the most important thing in the world!”

With that, Grandfather William turned and left the office. Right then, I remembered something. I had never **written** my article on the *true spirit of Christmas*.

I wracked my brain for ideas. But I couldn’t think of a thing. Not one sentence. Not one word. I was a big blank.

What could I do?

7 ways to Get an Idea



1. Take a hot bath with lots and lots of cheddar bubbles.



2. Do a little yoga.



3. Write with a favorite pen or pencil.



4. Listen to classical music.



5. Stand on your head.



6. Cut little stars out of modeling clay.



7. Put away your laundry.



ONE MORE CHEESE LOG

Right then, I remembered something my



aunt Sweetfur used to tell me when I was a young mouse. Just before I left for school she'd say, *"The brain cannot function if the body is not well fed.*

Always eat a good breakfast and you'll be able to concentrate better."

I fixed myself a *nice* cup of **HOT CHOCOLATE** and a fresh cheese log. As I sat nibbling on the yummy **cheese log**, I thought about my visit with Santa and Mrs. Claus. Oh, what a wonderful dream!

An idea popped into my head. That was

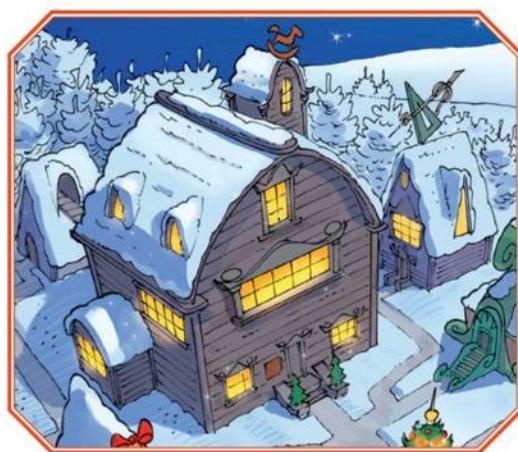
it! I could write about my amazing **dream**.

I sat down at my computer and began typing away. My paws **flew** across the keyboard like fluttering butterflies. I had so much to tell. So much to share. I wrote about flying with the reindeer, visiting **Santa's Toy Factory**, and meeting Santa and Mrs. Claus. I even wrote about Ding-Dong and his fall through the ice. I felt like I would never stop typing. But finally, I did.

Flying with the reindeer



Santa's Toy Factory



Santa and Mrs. Claus



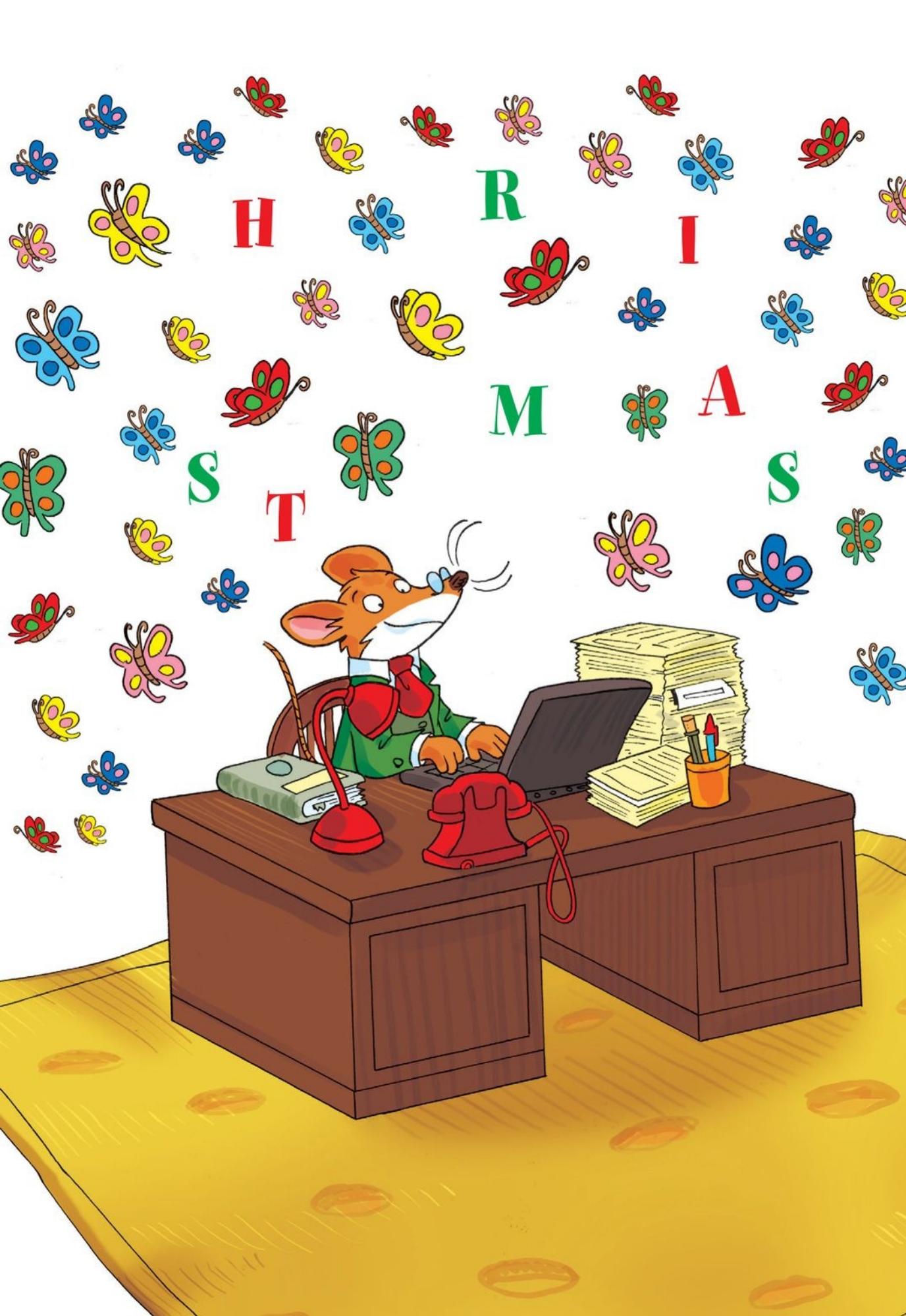
ONE MORE CHEESE LOG



I leaned back in my chair
and sighed happily. Who
knew you could learn so
much from a **dream**?

**M****R****Y****R****E**

H R I
S M A S
T





I'M SORRY

Before I left the office, I decided to make a few phone calls. Well, maybe more than a few. In fact, I guess you could say I called **EVERYONE**. All of my friends, my relatives, my coworkers.





I needed to tell everyone I was **sorry** for ignoring them. I invited them all to my house.



“We’ll have a great big *Christmas party*,” I said. “Bring your friends, bring your family. We’ll all **celebrate** together! After all, that’s what the true Christmas spirit is all about!”

Everyone accepted the invitation. I was so **EXCITED**. I was finally getting into the *Christmas* spirit. I couldn’t wait to celebrate with my friends and family. I grabbed my coat and ran home as fast as my paws would carry me.

But when I got there, I realized I had forgotten a few things. I didn’t have any food in my fridge. I didn’t have any Christmas **decorations** hung up. I didn’t even have a single present.

I'M



SORRY

Putrid cheese puffs! **What was I thinking?** I would never be able to get everything together in such a short time!

Ding-Dong! Ding-Dong!



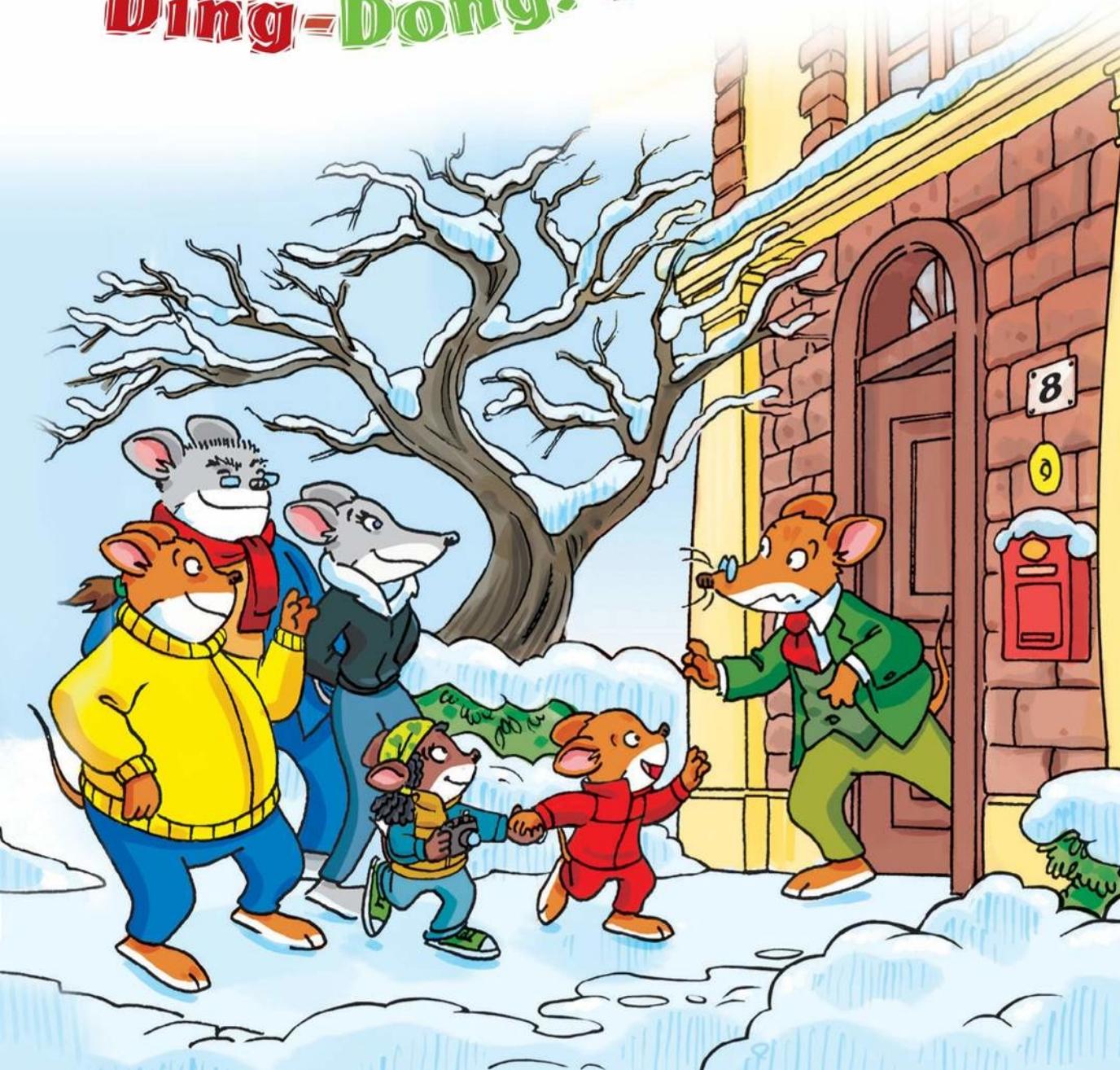
I'M



SORRY

But just as I was about to pull out all of my fur, the doorbell **rang**.

Ding-Dong! **Ding-Dong!**





WE CAME TO HELP YOU, GERONIMO!

I raced to my front door and yanked it open. A huge **crowd** stood on my doorstep. I tried to shoo them away. I didn't have time for visitors. I didn't have time for carolers. I didn't have time for salesmice. I had very dear *friends* and *family* coming over!

"It's Christmas," I squeaked. "Don't you rodents have somewhere to go?"

The mice **laughed**. "*We came to help you set up for the party, Geronimo!*" they shouted.

I blinked. **Oops**. When would I ever learn to stop putting my paw in my mouth? Standing right in front of me were my very dear friends and family!

In a flash, my house was **BUSTLING**.



MERRY CHRISTMAS



Some mice **decorated** the Christmas tree.

Some started a **fire** in the fireplace.

Others set the **TABLE**.

And my good friend Saucy Le Paws whipped up a super fabumouse **cheesy lasagna**. Do you know Saucy? He's one of the most famouse chefs on Mouse Island.

It was truly a wonderful **party**. In fact, I think I could honestly say it was the best **Christmas** I ever had. Cross my paws over my **heart**!

It felt good to have my friends and family around. I had been so busy with work at the office, I had forgotten how much I enjoyed just hanging out and squeaking with the ones I loved.

I raised my glass and made a **toast**.
“*Thank you all for coming today. I*

WE CAME TO HELP



You, GERONIMO!

hope you all know how much I value your friendship, and I'm sorry if I've been ignoring you lately. I let my work take over, and I promise to never let that happen again. I love you all too much!" I said.



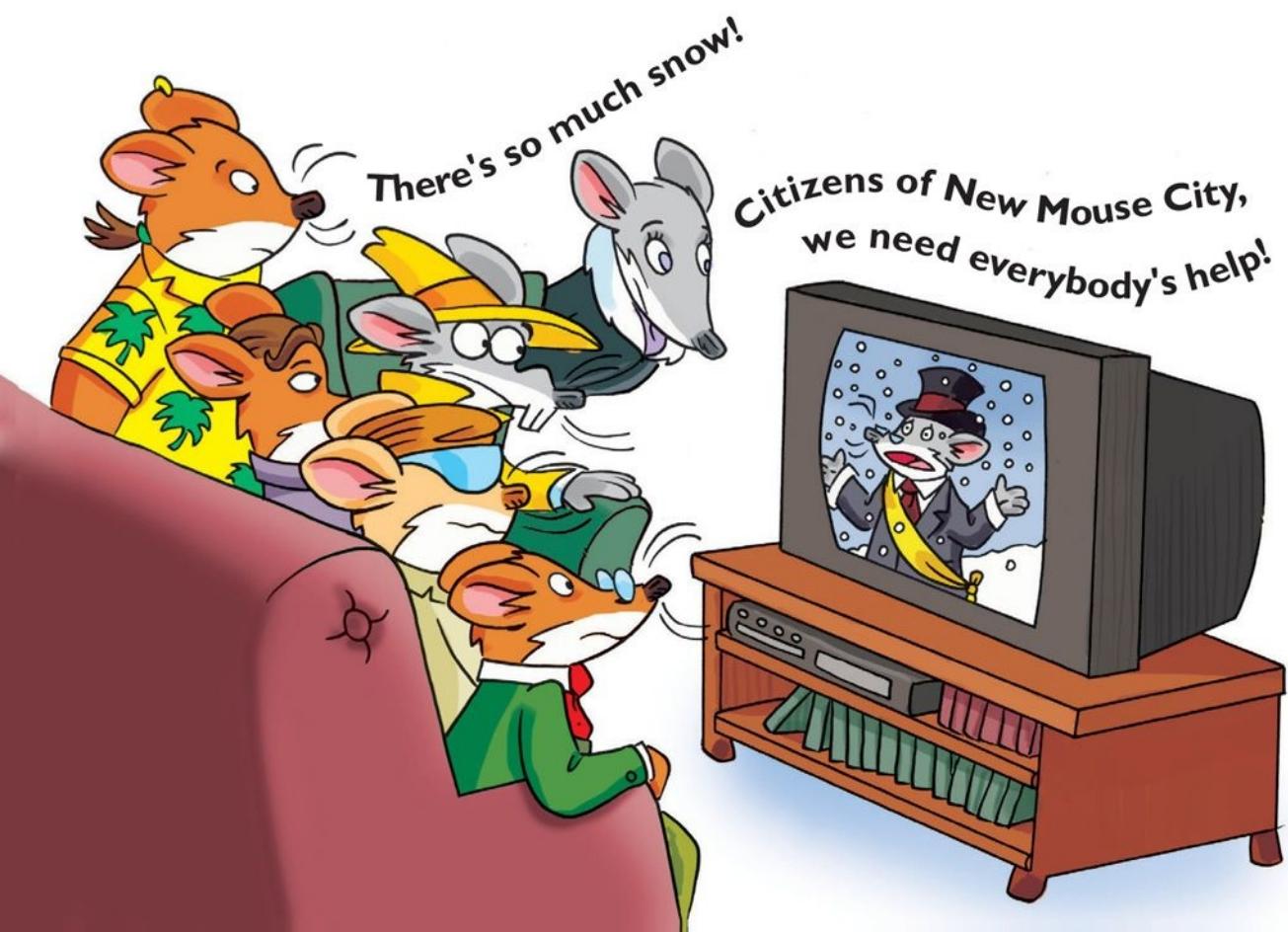
Everyone clapped and **hugged** me. Well, everyone except my obnoxious cousin Trap. He was too busy stuffing his snout with lasagna. That mouse would eat me out of house and hole if I let him.





SNOW, SNOW, AND MORE SNOW!

We were so busy celebrating, no one noticed the **snow** piling up outside. When I finally looked out the window, the **snow** was five feet high. And it was still coming down!





“Holey cheese!” I squeaked. “We’ve never had this kind of a **blizzard** in New Mouse City before!”

I turned on the **TV**. We all huddled around it to hear the news. The entire city was buried under snow! The sick and the elderly could not get around because the snow **BLOCKED** the streets.

New Mouse City’s mayor, the Honorable Frederick Fuzzypaws, appeared on the screen.

“Citizens of New Mouse City, we have a **BIG** problem!” he announced. “The city is paralyzed by snow. Ambulances cannot get to sick rodents. Fire engines cannot get to fires. Cheese delivery trucks cannot get to the Stop and Squeak.”

Next to me, my cousin looked faint. “No cheese?” he gasped in **HORROR**.



On the screen, the mayor continued. “There is only one way to fix this problem. I ask that every mouse pick up a shovel. **Together**, we can help New Mouse City!”



I turned off the TV. Everyone looked at one another. It was so **WARM** and cozy inside my mouse hole. And it was so **cold** outside. But our city needed us. We armed ourselves with **shovels** and headed outside.



We shoveled sidewalks and driveways. We shoveled front steps and back steps. We even **SHOVELED** the whole town square. I was so tired I thought my paws would fall off. Did I mention I’m not much of a **MUSCLE MOUSE**? Still, I kept on shoveling. By nightfall, the streets of New Mouse City were finally cleared.

We celebrated by drinking cups of steaming **HOT CHOCOLATE**. I was exhausted, but



I was happy. I hugged my nephew Benjamin. I had no **gift** to give him this year — except for the gift of myself.

“From now on, I will not let work get in the way of our relationship,” I told him. “I will always make time for my **favorite** nephew.”

Benjamin’s eyes **LIT** up. I smiled. Outside, a cold December wind rattled the windows. But inside, I felt warm and peaceful.

Oh, what a strange and **wonderful** Christmas it had been. I’d learned so much from my **dream** about the North Pole. I thought about Santa and Mrs. Claus. I thought about the **elves** and the reindeer. I even thought about Ding-Dong, my new elf friend. It all seemed so real!

I stared out the window thinking about everything. And for a minute I thought







SNOW, SNOW, AND



MORE SNOW!

I could almost hear a tiny voice in the distance calling, *“Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!”*





*Lots of
Ideas
for a
Special
CHRISTMAS!*

Sparkling Pinecones

What you need: pinecones, soft brush, gold or silver paint, paintbrush, glitter, yarn

Gather pinecones that have fallen from the trees and dust them lightly with a soft brush.

1



2 Paint each pinecone with either the gold or silver paint.



While the paint is still wet, sprinkle glitter on top to make the pinecones sparkle.

3



4 Wrap the yarn around the base of each pinecone. Tie the two ends of the yarn together to make a loop.



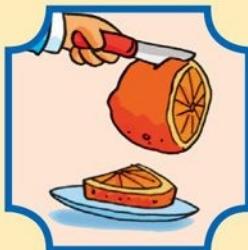
Hang the pinecone as a decoration on your Christmas tree!

5



Scented Half-Moons

What you need: three oranges, knife, cutting board, red or green ribbon



Ask an adult to slice the oranges in half, and then in half again on a cutting board, so that you have the shape of a half-moon. Let them dry someplace warm for five days. The top of a radiator is an ideal place.

When the oranges are completely dried, ask an adult to poke a hole through the top of each slice.



Thread a small piece of ribbon through the hole. Tie the two ends together and make them into a bow.

Hang this decoration on your Christmas tree. It will give the whole room a wonderful scent.





Colorful Decorations

What you need: Styrofoam balls, Popsicle sticks, glue, different-colored dried seeds (green lentils, red beans, corn, and sunflower seeds), varnish, brushes, red ribbon

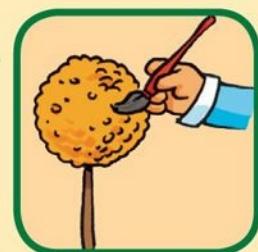


1

Push a Popsicle stick into a Styrofoam ball. Brush a thin layer of glue onto the ball. Take a handful of the same kind of colored seeds and glue them onto the ball. Be sure to place them very close to one another. Let them dry well.

2

Spread varnish over the seeded ball with a brush.



3

Once the varnish is dry, remove the Popsicle stick from the ball. Take the ribbon and wrap it around the ball as if you are wrapping a gift, leaving a few inches of ribbon on either end. Tie these into a bow to hang on the Christmas tree.

4

Repeat the steps above with the rest of the balls, using all the different types of seeds.



Brightly Shining Stars

What you need: round cookie cutter, pencil, yellow construction paper, safety scissors, star cookie cutter, glue stick, transparent paper, glitter, red ribbon



1 Take the round cookie cutter, and with the pencil, trace it on yellow construction paper. Cut out the shape with safety scissors.



Using the other cookie cutter, trace a star **2** in the center of the yellow circle.



3 Cut out the star with the safety scissors. The circle should now have a star-shaped hole in its center.



4 Use a glue stick to apply the transparent paper behind the circle and cut out the excess paper around it. On the right side, carefully apply glue on the transparent paper, and sprinkle glitter over the hollow star.

Ask an adult to make a hole at the top of the decoration. Thread a red ribbon **5** through the hole, make a loop, and hang it on your Christmas tree.



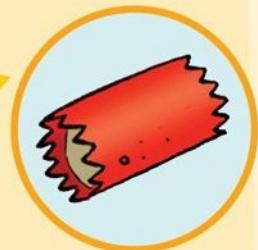
Christmas Napkin Holders

What you need: a cardboard cylinder (you can use a paper towel or wrapping paper roll), ruler, safety scissors, zigzag scissors, red felt, glue, green felt



1 Take the cylinder and cut 2-inch rings from it with the safety scissors. Cut as many as you can from one cylinder.

With the zigzag scissors, cut the red felt into 3-inch-wide strips. Glue them around the cardboard rings.



3 With the zigzag scissors, cut the green felt into 1-inch-wide strips. Make sure to cut the felt long enough to wrap completely around the tube. Glue the strips around the middle of the red felt on the cardboard rings.

With the safety scissors, cut hearts from the red felt. Glue them on the center of the green felt strip on each ring.



Jolly Tree Place Cards

What you need: green construction paper, pencil, safety scissors, gold or silver pens

Draw a Christmas tree on green construction paper. Use the safety scissors to cut around the tree.

1



2

With your silver or gold pen, write the name of a guest and a little message on every tree. For example, *I love you very much!* Or, *You are sweeter than a cheesecake!*

Fold the trunk of the tree to make a stand, as shown.

3



A Christmas Box

What you need: tracing paper, pencil, white construction paper or computer paper, safety scissors, a cardboard box, two sponges, red, green, blue, and white paint, thin paintbrush, varnish



With the paintbrush, paint the cardboard box and lid blue.

Take the tracing paper and trace the reindeer on the right with the pencil. Trace the Christmas tree from the previous page as well. Transfer them to white construction paper or computer paper.



Carefully cut out the reindeer and the tree with the safety scissors. Do this without cutting from the edge of the paper. You may need to fold the paper to do this. Discard the deer and tree and keep the hollowed paper.



Lay the hollowed paper with the deer outline on top of the cardboard box. Take a sponge, dip it in the red paint, and use it to color the inside of the deer outline.





5 Take the outline of the tree and place it on the side of the box. Dip the other sponge into the green paint and use it to color the inside of the tree outline.

With the paintbrush and the white paint, make lots of small dots around the reindeer and the trees. These should look like snow!

6

7 When the colors have dried thoroughly, brush the entire box with varnish and let it dry thoroughly.





Christmas Cookies

What you need: 4 cups all-purpose flour
1 cup butter, cut into small pieces, at room temperature
3-quart mixing bowl
wooden spoon
1 cup sugar
grated lemon peel from one large lemon
pinch salt
4 large egg yolks
1½ teaspoons vanilla extract
plastic wrap
star-shaped cookie cutter
flour for work surface
rolling pin
cookie sheet
plastic bags
colored ribbon

**ASK AN ADULT TO
HELP YOU!**



1 Ask an adult to preheat the oven to 400°F.



2

Place flour and butter in the 3-quart mixing bowl. Using fingertips, rub the flour and butter together until the mixture resembles crumbly, coarse cornmeal. Stir in sugar, grated lemon peel, and salt.

3



Make a well, or hole, in the center of the flour mixture. Place the egg yolks and vanilla into the well. Using your fingertips, quickly and evenly mix dough together. Shape dough into a smooth ball.

4

Wrap the cookie dough in plastic wrap. Refrigerate 30 minutes or until ready to use.

5

Divide the dough into two balls. Work with one ball at a time. Keep the remaining ball chilled.

6

Using a rolling pin, roll the ball of dough out on a lightly floured surface. Using the star-shaped cookie cutter, cut out twelve cookies. Transfer to the cookie sheet. Ask an adult to place the cookie sheet in the preheated oven and bake for approximately 10 to 12 minutes, or until the cookies are golden brown.



7

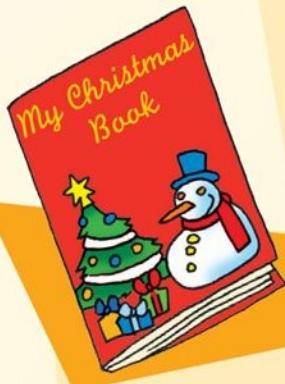
Ask an adult to remove from the oven, and let the cookies cool. Repeat to make more cookies. Put some cookies into each plastic bag and close it with a bright ribbon.





My Christmas Book

Create a special book where you can write how, where, and with whom you spend Christmas Day each year.



What you need: red construction paper, a large notebook, pencil, safety scissors, glue, different colored felt-tip pens

Place a sheet of red construction paper on top of an opened notebook cover. With a pencil, trace the outline of the notebook. Cut out the shape of the notebook with your safety scissors. Glue it on to the cover of the notebook. Be sure the entire notebook, front and back, is covered with the red construction paper.

1

2 On the cover, write the title of the book with your favorite color felt-tip pen: *My Christmas Book*. Use your imagination to decorate it. You may draw on it or cut out Christmas symbols or pictures and glue them on the cover.



Fill out the book by writing your feelings, funny happenings, Christmas menu, etc. Glue in photos, drawings, Christmas cards, and anything that will remind you of the past Christmas.

3

Year.....



With.....

We played.....

The best part was

At.....

.....'s house



The Real Christmas Spirit Is...

Celebrating it with the people you love!

*

Spending more time with whoever needs it the most!

*

Making someone who feels alone happy!

*

Giving up something in order to give it to others!

*

Thinking about things that are important in life!

*

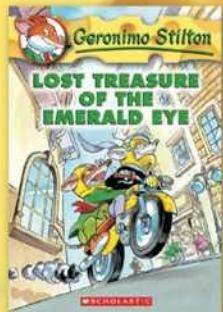
Learning to dream with your eyes open!

*

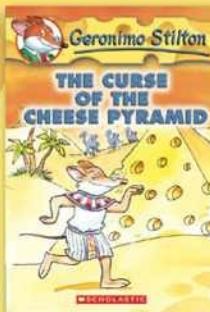
*The Christmas spirit should stay
in your heart all year long....*

*Act as if it were Christmas
every day!*

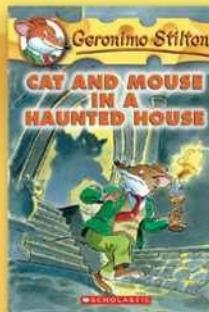
**Don't miss
any of my
fabumouse
adventures!**



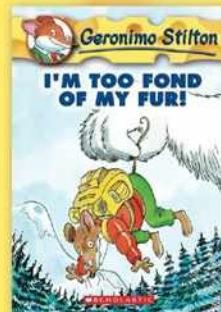
**#1 Lost Treasure
of the Emerald Eye**



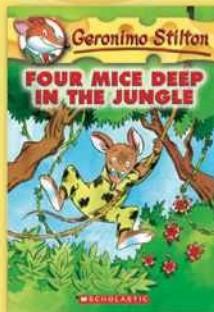
**#2 The Curse
of the Cheese
Pyramid**



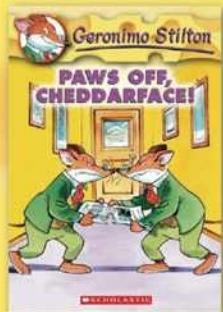
**#3 Cat and
Mouse in a
Haunted House**



**#4 I'm Too Fond
of My Fur!**



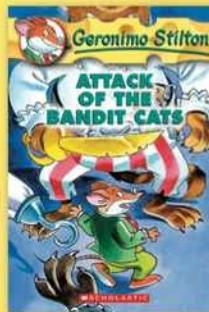
**#5 Four Mice
Deep in the Jungle**



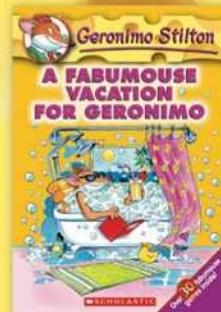
**#6 Paws Off,
Cheddarface!**



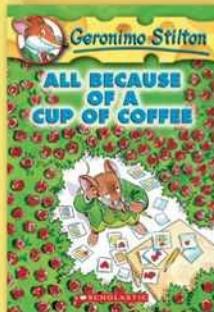
**#7 Red Pizzas for
a Blue Count**



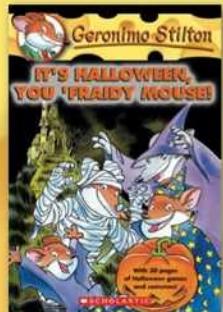
**#8 Attack of the
Bandit Cats**



**#9 A Fabumouse
Vacation for
Geronimo**



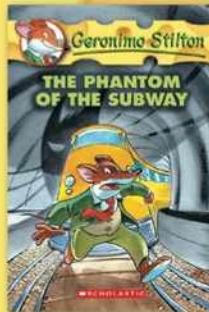
**#10 All Because of
a Cup of Coffee**



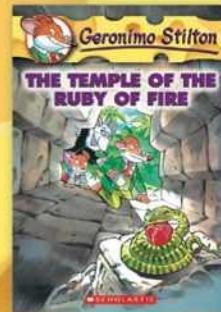
**#11 It's
Halloween, You
'Fraidy Mouse!'**



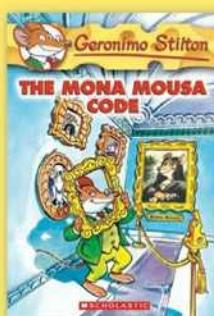
**#12 Merry
Christmas,
Geronimo!**



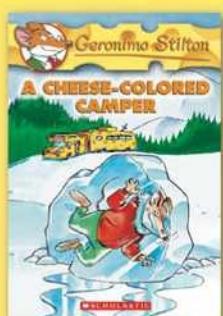
**#13 The Phantom
of the Subway**



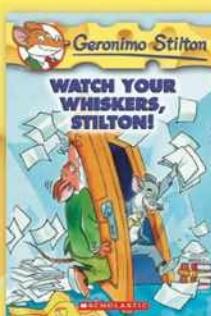
**#14 The Temple of
the Ruby of Fire**



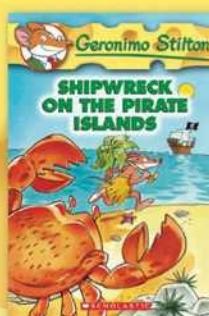
**#15 The Mona
Mousa Code**



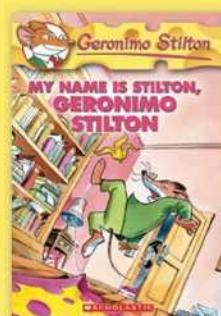
**#16 A Cheese-
Colored Camper**



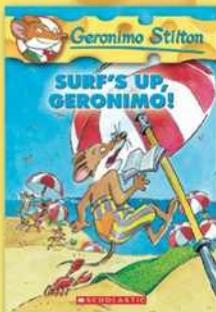
**#17 Watch Your
Whiskers, Stilton!**



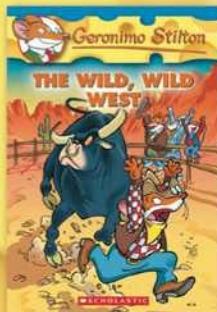
**#18 Shipwreck on
the Pirate Islands**



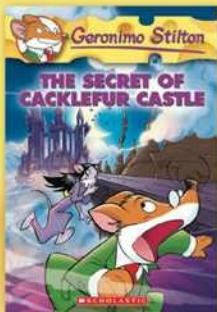
**#19 My Name Is
Stilton, Geronimo
Stilton**



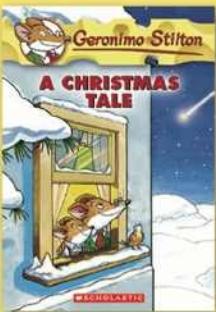
#20 Surf's Up,
Geronimo!



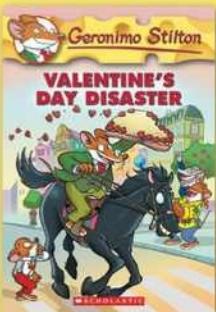
#21 The Wild,
Wild West



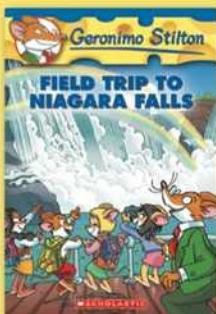
#22 The Secret
of Cacklefur
Castle



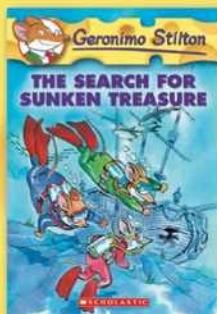
A Christmas Tale



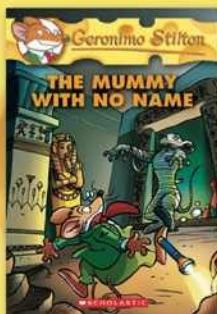
#23 Valentine's
Day Disaster



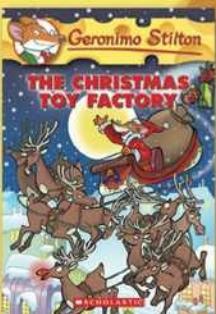
#24 Field Trip to
Niagara Falls



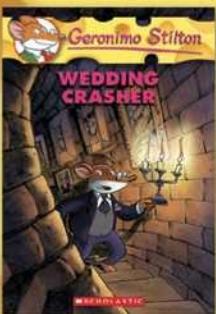
#25 The Search
for Sunken
Treasure



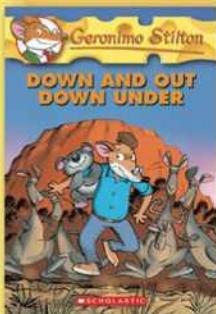
#26 The Mummy
with No Name



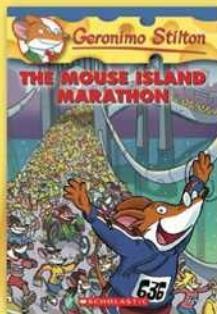
#27 The
Christmas Toy
Factory



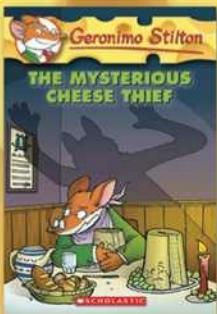
#28 Wedding
Crasher



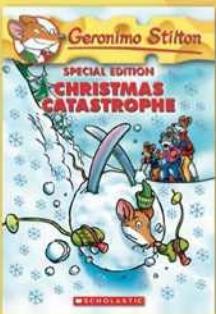
#29 Down and
Out Down Under



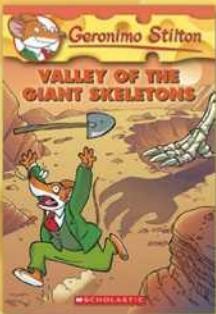
#30 The Mouse
Island Marathon



#31 The
Mysterious
Cheese Thief



Christmas
Catastrophe



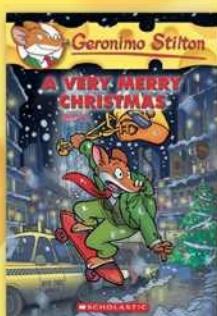
#32 Valley of the
Giant Skeletons



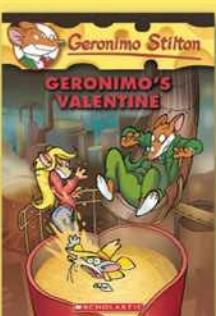
#33 Geronimo
and the Gold
Medal Mystery



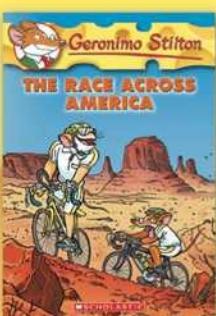
#34 Geronimo
Stilton, Secret
Agent



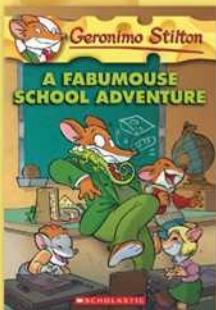
#35 A Very Merry
Christmas



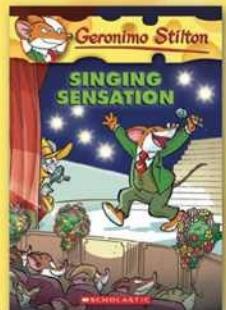
#36 Geronimo's
Valentine



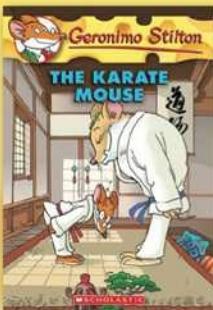
#37 The Race
Across America



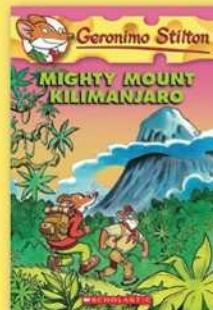
#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



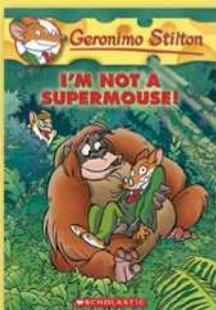
#40 The Karate Mouse



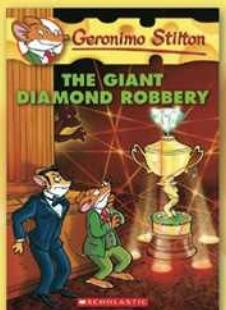
#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



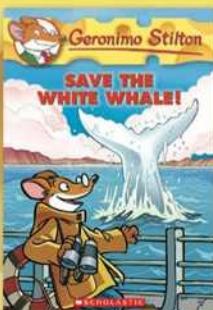
#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



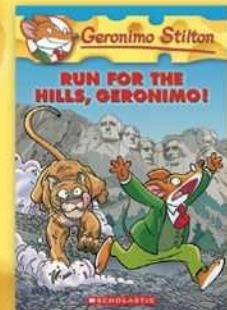
#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



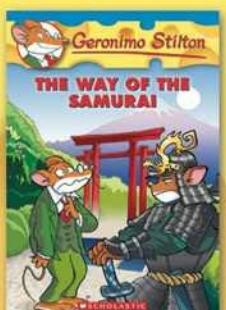
#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



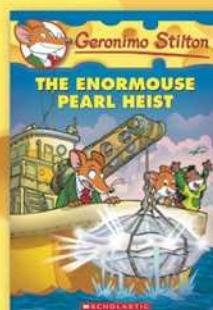
#48 The Mystery in Venice



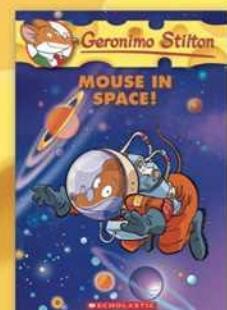
#49 The Way of the Samurai



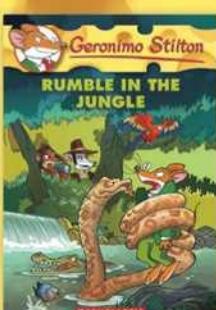
#50 This Hotel Is Haunted



#51 The Enormouse Pearl Heist



#52 Mouse in Space!



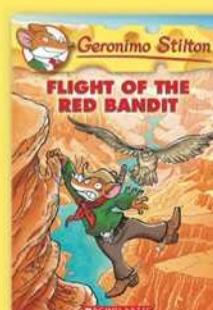
#53 Rumble in the Jungle



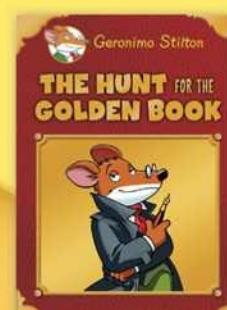
#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



Special Edition:
The Hunt for the
Golden Book



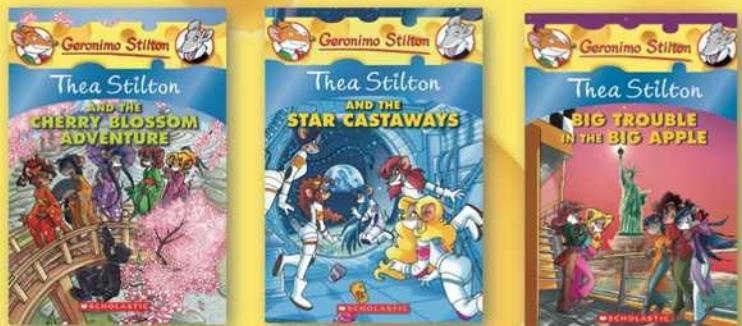
**Check out
these exciting
Thea Sisters
adventures!**



Thea Stilton and the Dragon's Code

Thea Stilton and the Mountain of Fire

Thea Stilton and the Ghost of the Shipwreck



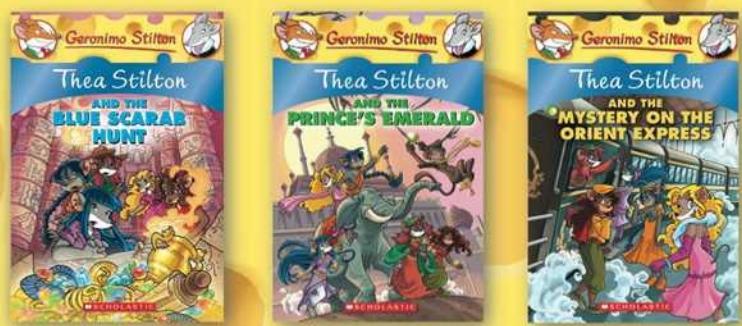
Thea Stilton and the Secret City

Thea Stilton and the Mystery in Paris

Thea Stilton and the Cherry Blossom Adventure

Thea Stilton and the Star Castaways

Thea Stilton: Big Trouble in the Big Apple



Thea Stilton and the Ice Treasure

Thea Stilton and the Secret of the Old Castle

Thea Stilton and the Blue Scarab Hunt

Thea Stilton and the Prince's Emerald

Thea Stilton and the Mystery on the Orient Express



Thea Stilton and the Dancing Shadows

Thea Stilton and the Legend of the Fire Flowers

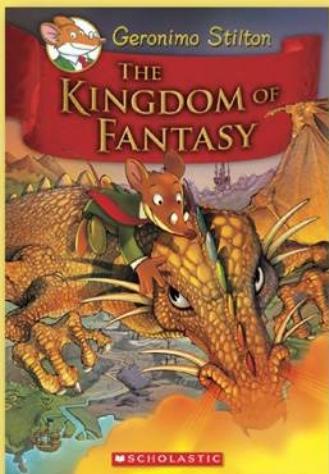
Thea Stilton and the Spanish Dance Mission

Thea Stilton and the Journey to the Lion's Den

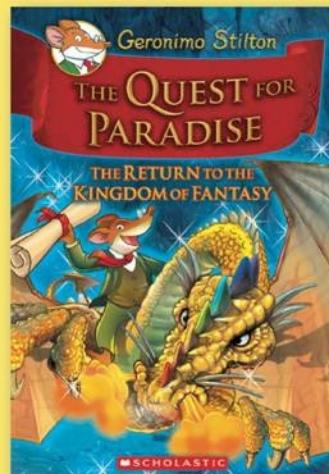
Thea Stilton and the Great Tulip Heist



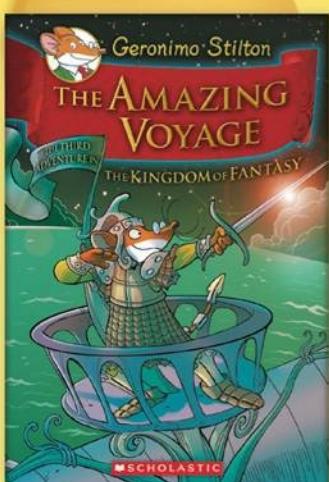
Be sure
to read all
my adventures
in the Kingdom
of Fantasy!



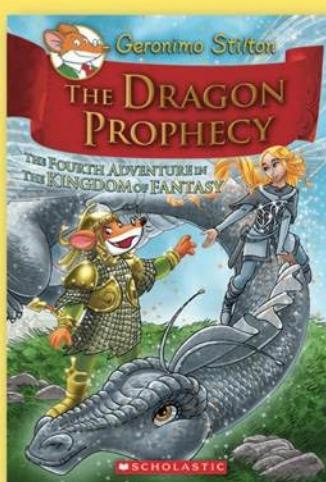
THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



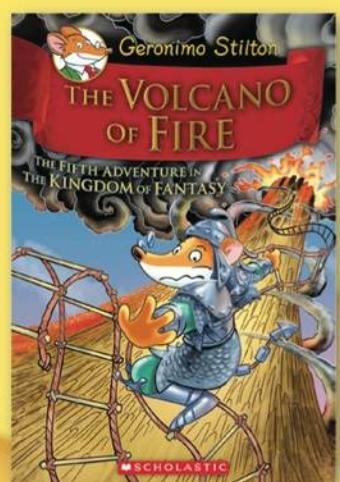
THE QUEST FOR
PARADISE:
THE RETURN TO THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY



THE AMAZING
VOYAGE:
THE THIRD ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



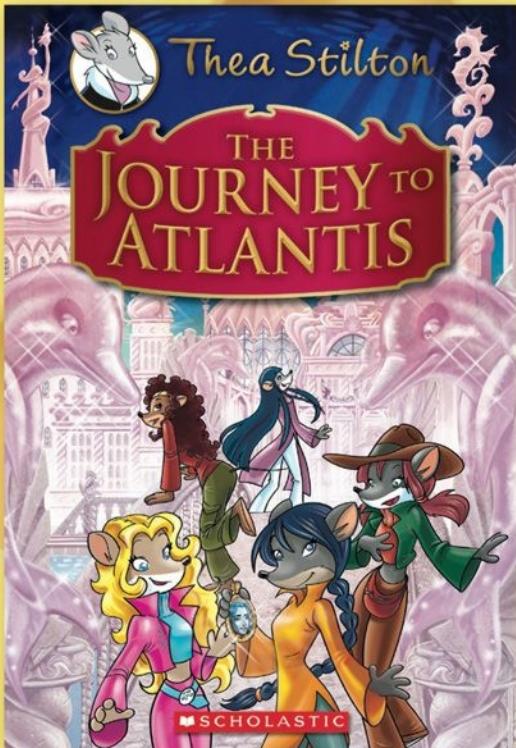
THE DRAGON
PROPHECY:
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



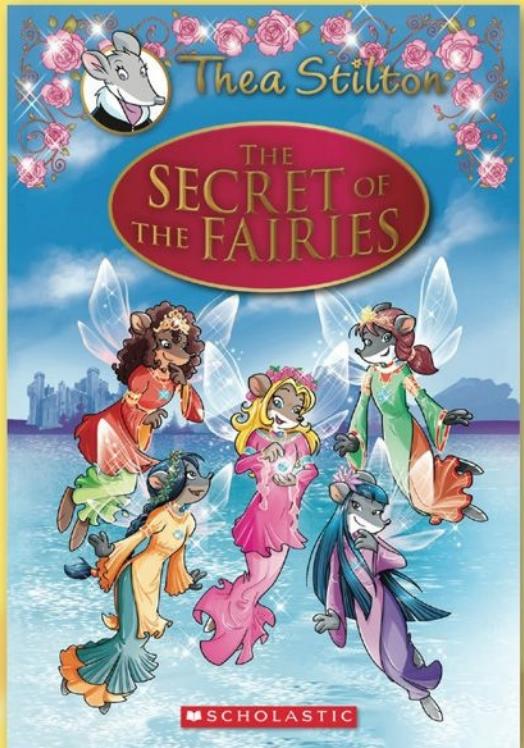
THE VOLCANO
OF FIRE:
THE FIFTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



Check out
these very
special editions
featuring me
and the Thea
Sisters!



THE JOURNEY
TO ATLANTIS

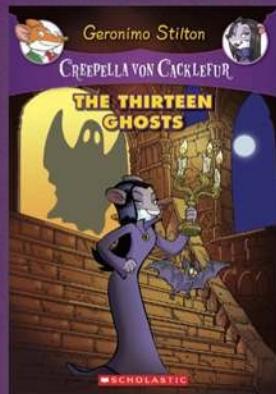


THE SECRET OF
THE FAIRIES

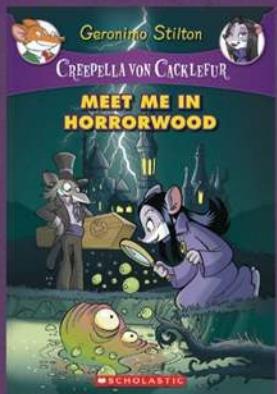


Meet CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR

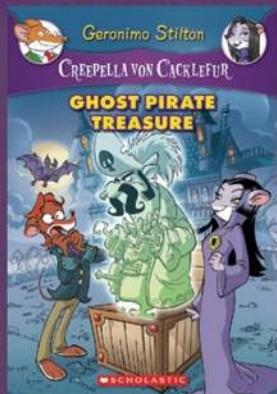
I, *Geronimo Stilton*, have a lot of mouse friends, but none as **spooky** as my friend **CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR**! She is an enchanting and **MYSTERIOUS** mouse with a pet bat named **Bitewing**. **YIKES!** I'm a real 'fraidy mouse, but even I think **CREEPELLA** and her family are **AWFULLY** fascinating. I can't wait for you to read all about **CREEPELLA** in these **fa-mouse-ly funny** and **spectacularly spooky** tales!



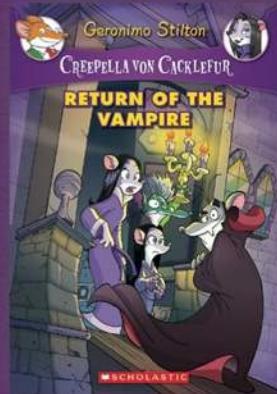
#1 The Thirteen
Ghosts



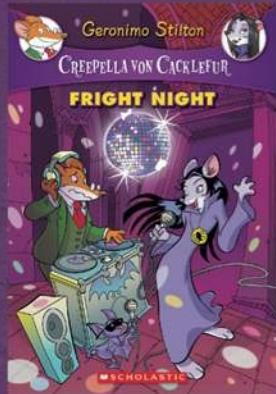
#2 Meet Me In
Horrorwood



#3 Ghost Pirate
Treasure



#4 Return of the
Vampire

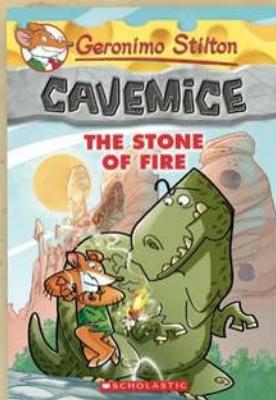


#5 Fright Night

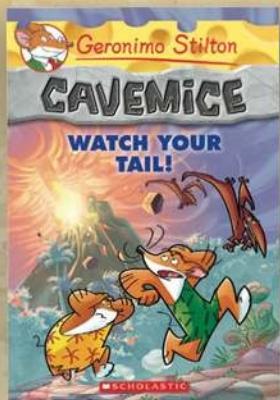


Meet **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**

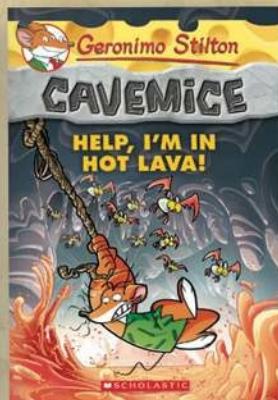
He is a cavemouse — Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!



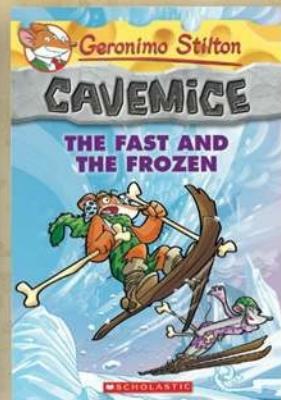
#1 The Stone
of Fire



#2 Watch Your
Tail!



#3 Help, I'm in
Hot Lava!

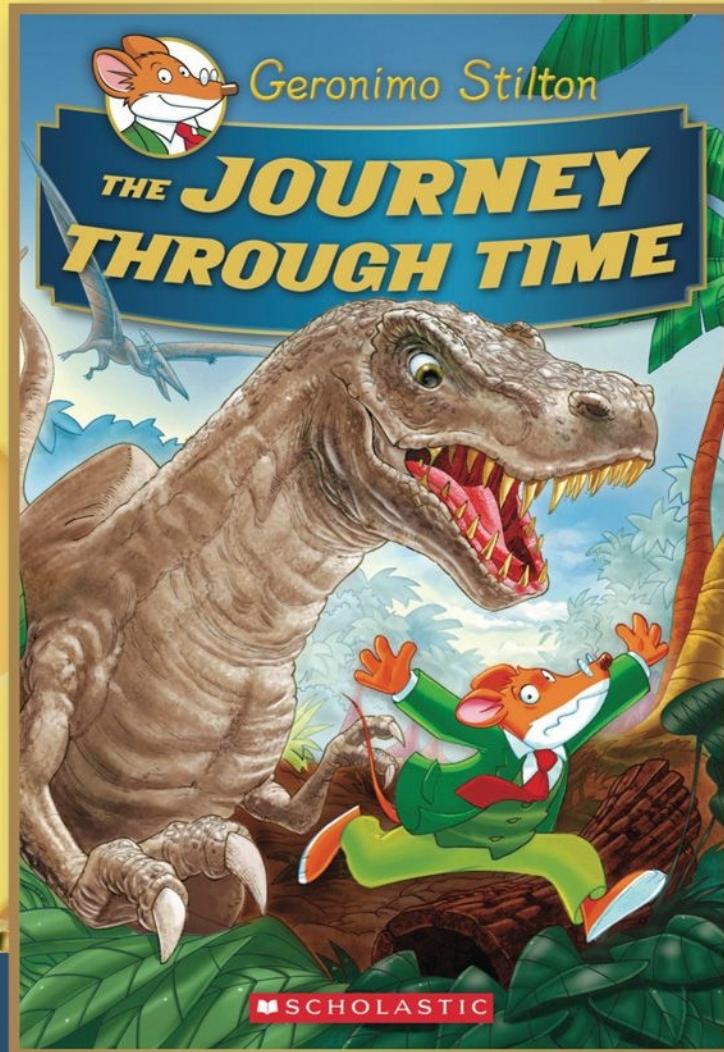


#4 The Fast and
the Frozen





Join me and my friends on
a journey through time in
this very special edition!



THE JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Born in New Mouse City, Mouse Island, **GERONIMO STILTON** is Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philosophy. For the past twenty years, he has been running *The Rodent's Gazette*, New Mouse City's most widely read daily newspaper.

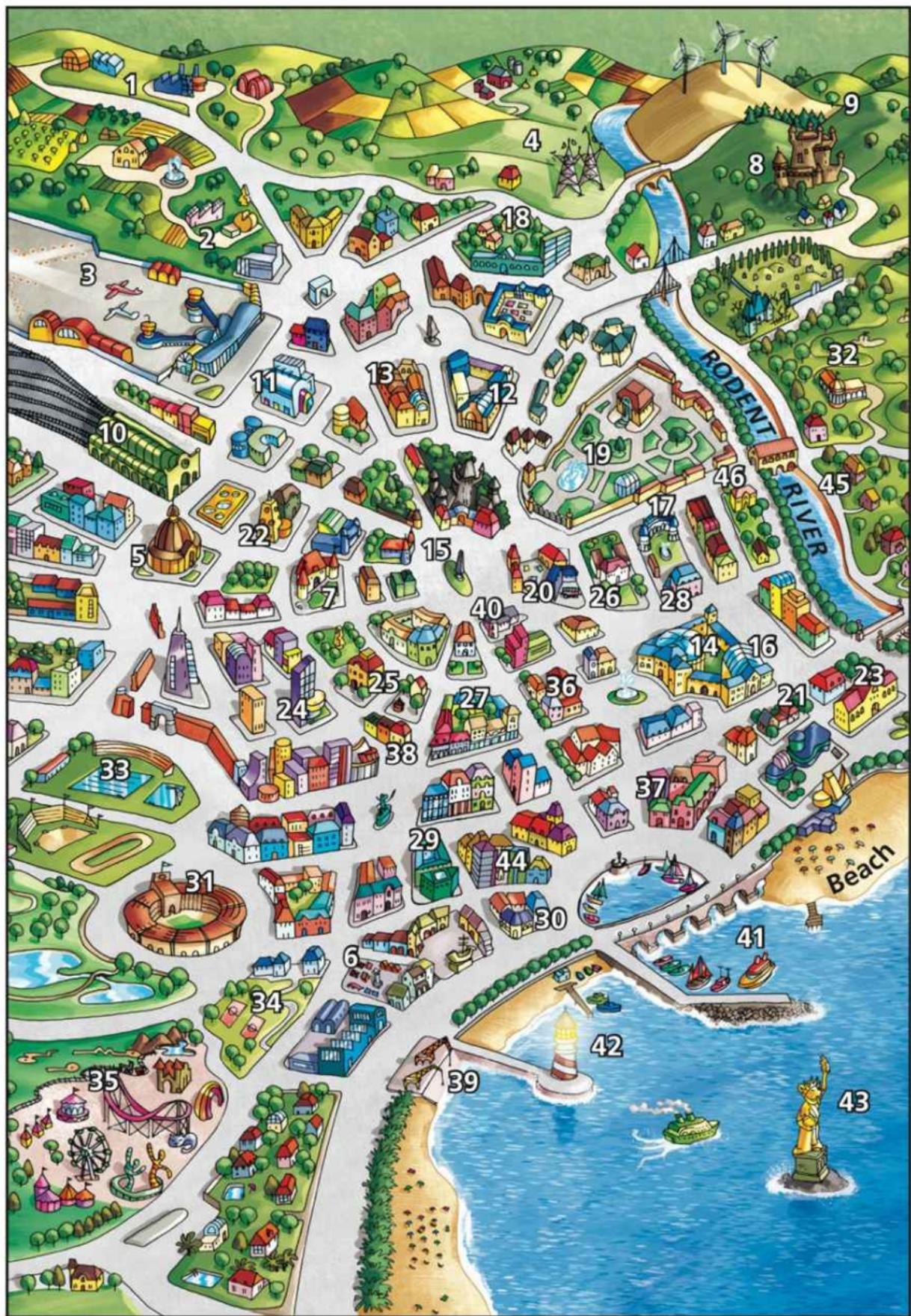
Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer Prize for his scoops on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* and *The Search for Sunken Treasure*. He has also received the Andersen 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world's best ratlings' electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.



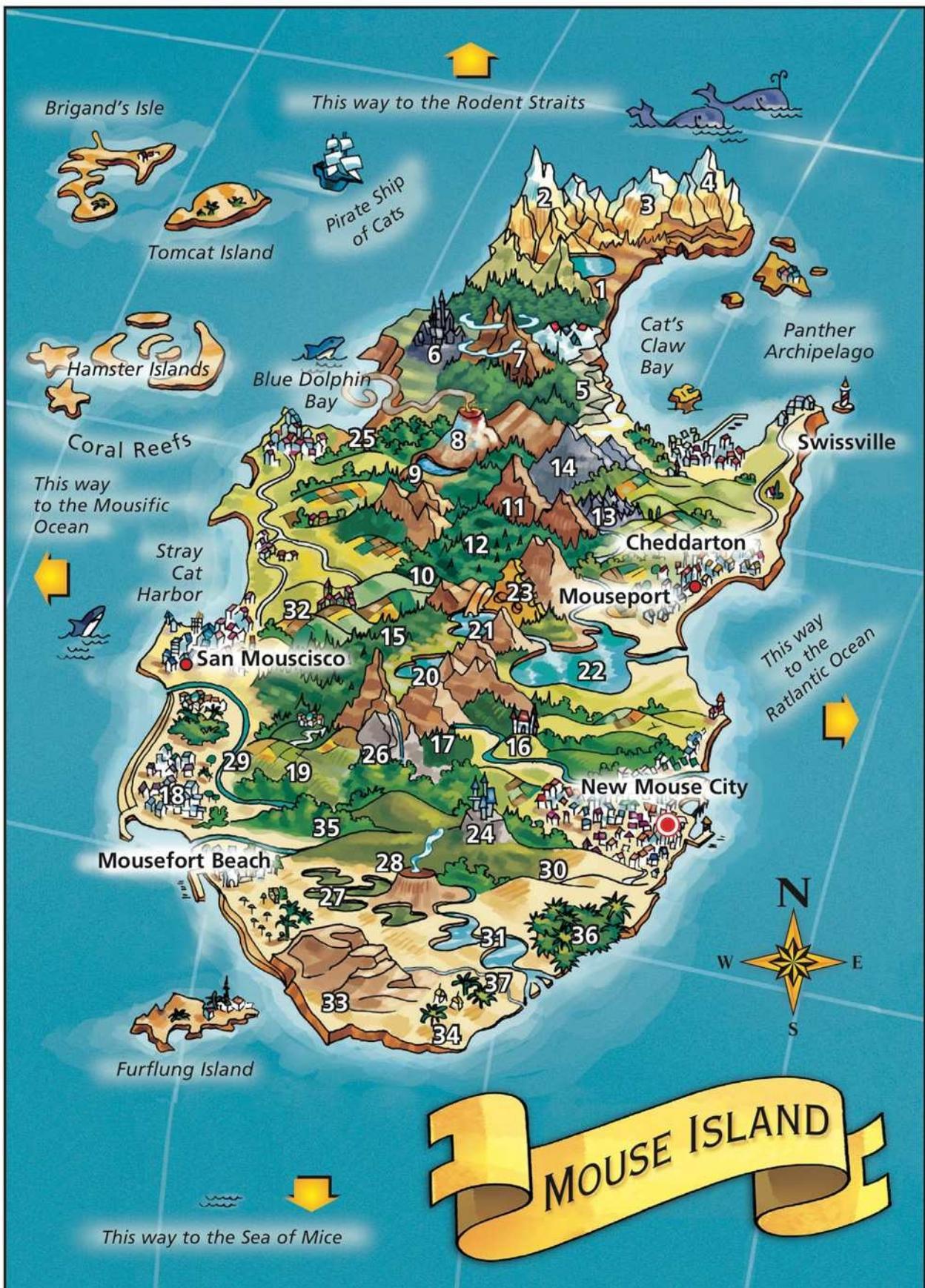
1. Main entrance
2. Printing presses (where the books and newspaper are printed)
3. Accounts department
4. Editorial room (where the editors, illustrators, and designers work)
5. Geronimo Stilton's office
6. Helicopter landing pad

*THE RODENT'S
GAZETTE*



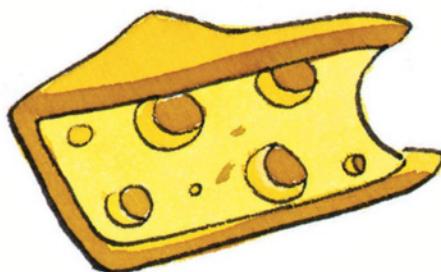
Map of New Mouse City

1. Industrial Zone	24. <i>The Daily Rat</i>
2. Cheese Factories	25. <i>The Rodent's Gazette</i>
3. Angorat International Airport	26. Trap's House
4. WRAT Radio and Television Station	27. Fashion District
5. Cheese Market	28. The Mouse House Restaurant
6. Fish Market	29. Environmental Protection Center
7. Town Hall	30. Harbor Office
8. Snotnose Castle	31. Mousidon Square Garden
9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island	32. Golf Course
10. Mouse Central Station	33. Swimming Pool
11. Trade Center	34. Tennis Courts
12. Movie Theater	35. Curlyfur Island Amusement Park
13. Gym	36. Geronimo's House
14. Catnegie Hall	37. Historic District
15. Singing Stone Plaza	38. Public Library
16. The Gouda Theater	39. Shipyard
17. Grand Hotel	40. Thea's House
18. Mouse General Hospital	41. New Mouse Harbor
19. Botanical Gardens	42. Luna Lighthouse
20. Cheap Junk for Less (Trap's store)	43. The Statue of Liberty
21. Aunt Sweetfur and Benjamin's House	44. Hercule Poirat's Office
22. Mouseum of Modern Art	45. Petunia Pretty Paws's House
23. University and Library	46. Grandfather William's House



Map of Mouse Island

1. Big Ice Lake
2. Frozen Fur Peak
3. Slipperyslopes Glacier
4. Coldcreeps Peak
5. Ratzikistan
6. Transratania
7. Mount Vamp
8. Roastedrat Volcano
9. Brimstone Lake
10. Poopedcat Pass
11. Stinko Peak
12. Dark Forest
13. Vain Vampires Valley
14. Goose Bumps Gorge
15. The Shadow Line Pass
16. Penny Pincher Castle
17. Nature Reserve Park
18. Las Ratayas Marinas
19. Fossil Forest
20. Lake Lake
21. Lake Lakelake
22. Lake Lakelakelake
23. Cheddar Crag
24. Cannycat Castle
25. Valley of the Giant Sequoia
26. Cheddar Springs
27. Sulfurous Swamp
28. Old Reliable Geyser
29. Vole Vale
30. Ravingrat Ravine
31. Gnat Marshes
32. Munster Highlands
33. Mousehara Desert
34. Oasis of the Sweaty Camel
35. Cabbagehead Hill
36. Rattytrap Jungle
37. Rio Mosquito



Dear mouse friends,
Thanks for reading, and farewell
till the next book.
It'll be another whisker-licking-good
adventure, and that's a promise!



Geronimo Stilton



GERONIMO STILTON



THEA



TRAP



BENJAMIN

Who is Geronimo Stilton?

That's me! I run a newspaper, but my true passion is writing adventure stories. Here in New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, my books are all bestsellers! My stories are funny, fa-mouse-ly funny. They are whisker-licking-good tales, and that's a promise!

THE CHRISTMAS TOY FACTORY

Ho, ho, ho! I love Christmas in New Mouse City. But this year, there was just too much work to do at my newspaper, *The Rodent's Gazette*. I was so busy, I could hardly even squeak! And my friends and family were getting their tails in a twist because I didn't have time to celebrate. Cheese niblets! If only I had my own team of reindeer and could fly far, far away to Santa's Toy Factory....



[www.scholastic.com/
geronimostilton](http://www.scholastic.com/geronimostilton)

RL3 007-010